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DRIFTING INTO WAR

REPORTS from Germany agree that the Nazis are determined to win Danzig and the Corridor and destroy Polish independence before the summer is out and they are confident that this will be accomplished without a war. What Runcimanade Mr. Chamberlain will attempt this time, Dr. Goebbels scarcely troubles to inquire; he is confident that where there is no will there is no war and that Mr. Chamberlain will find some way of climbing out of his personal and recent pledge to the Poles—which after all cannot be effectively honoured without the still dubious Russian alliance. Germany will be further reassured by a curious Memorandum, now presented by the Foreign Office, but bearing the stamp rather of Sir Horace Wilson than of Sir Robert Vansittart. It plaintively assures Hitler that we shall not fight if we can possibly avoid it—a fact of which we should have thought he was well aware—and that so far from encircling Germany we have recently supplied the Nazis with facilities for obtaining more of the raw materials for war and shall be delighted to do so again if only they will be good. There is a desperate danger in all this. Mr. Chamberlain is drifting into war. He does not intend openly to repudiate his word to Poland. There is no sign that the Poles mean to give in and he does not take Mr. Churchill's advice of concluding the Russian alliance forthwith and doing everything within his power to convince Germany that the British and French people will in fact fight with all the allies they can get if Poland is attacked.

We have to face a "war of nerves" even more difficult than that of last summer. The speeches of Dr. Goebbels are of course intended to frighten us. But apart from his declarations about Danzig there is plenty of evidence that Germany is preparing for a coup of some sort in Danzig in the confident expectation that last year's triumph can be repeated without war. Herr Forster, the Free City's Nazi Gauleiter, has returned from Berlin and is actively engaged in forming a "Free Corps" on the lines of the organisation which functioned destructively in the Sudetenland last year. Between 2,000 and 3,000 specialist instructors have arrived from the Reich to train the Corps, some of whose contingents have been sent to East Prussia for field exercises, while others are engaged in constructing a trench system round the city, into which munitions are pouring. Equally suggestive is the news that extra farm-labour is being drafted by

Germany into the provinces of Pomerania and East Prussia in order that the wheat and rye crops may be completely harvested by the end of July. The Polish press, recording these developments, continues to reiterate Poland's determination to make control of the mouth of the Vistula a vital issue to be fought for to the death. Nerves in Warsaw seem steeled against the strain. Can the same be said of nerves in Whitehall?

Patience Rewarded

Having declared at Cardiff last Saturday that Japan's treatment of British subjects at Tientsin was "intolerable," and that Britain would accept no "dictation" in respect to her policy in the Far East, the Prime Minister on Monday asked a visibly restive House of Commons to exercise patience and not to press prematurely for economic reprisals against Japan. Patience has been rewarded by the localisation of the dispute—for the moment. At the British Government's instance there is to be a conference in Tokyo, as a result of which Mr. Chamberlain hopes to secure "the integrity of the Concession and the preservation of British authority." Does he really hope anything of the kind? And what price is Britain asked to pay for the privilege of maintaining the pretence? Though "stripping incidents" at the Tientsin barriers have temporarily ceased, Japan's demand that all foreign vessels shall leave Foochow and Wenchow—to say nothing of the rigid maintenance of the Tientsin blockade itself—show that the Tokyo Government is not in fact modifying its policy at any point. Apart from the local question of the four alleged Chinese "criminals" in the Concession—an issue in which surrender by Britain would mean grave "loss of face"—the Prime Minister's hopefulness that a settlement will be reached points ominously to the possibility that the British Government is prepared to reconsider its policy of extending financial and moral support to the legitimate Government of China. That would be fatal. We should get no mercy from Japan. We should further antagonise the United States; and also destroy every hope of regaining ultimately a fair share of normal trade in the Far East. It would be a betrayal unforgivable in Chinese eyes; and, unless Japan is prevented from winning her war of aggression in China, British trading and financial interests in that country can be written off as a total, irrecoverable loss. Admittedly naval action against Japan is impracticable, given the existing situation in Europe; but for Britain the one policy that offers hope in the long run is to give all possible assistance to Chiang Kai-shek, even if a preliminary has to be the evacuation of strategically untenable Concessions.

The Senate v. The President

The United States Senate's amendments to the Monetary Bill may still be modified; but if they stand they will have far-reaching consequences. The removal of the President's power to devalue the dollar below its present level of 59 cents gold content (a power which he has shown no intention of using) is not of much practical importance for the moment; but it might come to be important in a future world crisis. On the other hand, the cessation of American silver purchases from abroad, demanded by the Congress "silver bloc," which wants to exact a still higher price for domestic silver, will have serious repercussions on Mexico and to a smaller extent on Canada, as well as on the situation in the Far East. Mexico in particular has been heavily subsidised by American silver purchases; and the disappearance of United States buying will be bound to result in a sharp fall in the price. The reactions on the Far East are more complicated. The United States will be prevented, if the amendment goes through, from financing exports to China by silver purchases; but Japan will be prevented similarly from buying American goods with silver seized from Chinese hoards. Mr. Roosevelt in his press conference on Tuesday did not comment on the silver amendment; but he characterised the withdrawal of his power to devalue the dollar as "returning the control of American currency to Wall Street," and as "damaging to the country's foreign trade and national defence." The Senate has, however, agreed to renew the Stabilisation Fund for another two years: so that there is no immediate end to the Treasury's control.

Cotton Against Rubber

The Anglo-American barter deal has been put through in a form which leaves a good many ends lying loose. Subject to the Senate's approval, the U.S. Government will ship to this country 600,000 bales of raw cotton, worth about £6,000,000—a welcome reduction, from Mr. Roosevelt's standpoint, in the embarrassingly large stocks of the commodity which the Administration holds or is financing. In return, the British Government undertakes to supply America with rubber to an equivalent value. The question is how much rubber this will represent and how it is to be acquired. At the current market price the equivalent to 600,000 bales of cotton is 80,000 tons of rubber. Warehouse stocks in this country to-day are little more than 65,000 tons. To deplete them by shipments to the U.S.A. would make nonsense of the whole policy underlying the barter deal—the accumulation against war risks of ample commodity reserves *in situ*. Presumably, therefore, the Government will have to persuade the International Rubber Committee to arrange for the special production of this extra rubber and to authorise supplementary quota releases from the regulated areas. What price the Committee will ask for this accommodation remains to be seen; for it is in a position to hold the British Government up to ransom and its members have made no secret of their lack of enthusiasm for a plan which puts the American Government in control of a huge stock of rubber whose liquidation might play havoc with the world price. To allay fears on this score the two Governments promise to refrain from unloading or consuming (save in the event of war) their respective stocks for a minimum period of seven years. Even so, the rubber producers are hostile to the scheme, and the co-operation of the International Committee may be difficult to secure.

Profiteering and Eye-wash

If the Government ever imagined that the Opposition would be taken in by its professed determination to abolish armaments profiteering by A.P.D., it has been quickly undeceived. It was plain long before the end of Monday's debate that nobody believed in the virtue of the proposed tax, and that it was to be regarded, in Mr. Noel Baker's phrase, simply as "a political dodge." Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who led the assault, pointed out

that the duty was so designed as to allow a quite excessive proportion of arms profit to escape, and Mr. Noel Baker quoted telling figures from Mr. Douglas Jay in the *Daily Herald* showing its probable incidence on a number of the leading armament firms. Against this Sir John Simon could only argue that the duty was intended not as the wicket-keeper, but only as the long stop of the Government's team—to which Mr. Chuter Ede pertinently retorted that the long stop had been abolished in first class cricket. Col. Wedgwood, Mr. Harold Macmillan and Sir George Schuster took wider ground, arguing the need for much more drastic mobilisation of industrial resources; and many Labour speakers demanded State arms factories as an indispensable check on the prices charged by private enterprise. In so far as the fiscal weapon can effectively be utilised to penalise profits made from munitions contracts, a straightforward levy on all earnings from Government orders would be much more equitable than the present cumbrous attempt to tax selectively an arbitrarily defined increment.

The Budget Re-hashed

Sir John Simon's reputation as Chancellor has scarcely been enhanced by the process of reshaping, under various forms of pressure, his original tax proposals. Having had to admit that the Excise duty on films in its first shape was unworkable, he ultimately has had to capitulate to the cinema exhibitors' threats and cancel the tax altogether. Next, the medicine duty—repealed for no valid reason—has been reimposed in response to pressure from an influential group of the Government's own supporters. The armament profits duty grafted on to the Finance Bill, is a hopelessly involved and illogical tax, from which little revenue is apparently expected. Finally, the increase in the horse-power duty on motors was pushed through a reluctant House, whose assent was extorted largely by Sir John's insistence on Tuesday that the alternative must be an addition of threepence to income tax. The Chancellor's cardinal error has been to postpone an increase of general direct taxation by means of expedients which hit sectional interests and have inevitably produced the maximum of Parliamentary lobbying and log-rolling. Ironically enough the tax on horse-power, on whose retention the Chancellor was adamant, is economically the worst of his devices. It will bring in revenue only at the cost of causing a serious disturbance in second-hand car values and accentuating the tendency to produce engines too small to be of use in the export trade. Had the Chancellor desired, as he well might, to divert engineering plant from civil motors to arms production—a reason never adduced by him for his increase in the h.p. tax—his obvious policy would have been to impose a sales tax on new vehicles. Since, however, he admits that revenue was his sole objective, his mistake was to shrink from raising income tax and thus spreading the burden fairly over the section of the community best able to bear it.

Padlock on Professors

Last week we published an article on the notorious Padlock Act which has been imposed in Quebec. Now a violent attack has been made in the Provincial Legislature of Ontario upon two Professors of Toronto University, George Grube, the well-known classical scholar, and Frank Underhill, an equally distinguished historian, both of whom are associated with "The Canadian Forum," a monthly review of a mildly progressive type. No precise charge has been made against Professor Underhill; but Professor Grube's offence is that he described expenditure on rearmament as "a waste of public funds in the interests of British Imperialism." Premier Hepburn attacked him as "a foreigner"—he is a naturalised British subject who served in the war—and read a telegram urging that University grants be reduced until the governing body "weeds out men who poison the minds of Ontario's finest young men and women"; while another speaker described both Professors as "rats who are trying to scuttle our ship of State." To these attacks Professor Grube has made a dignified reply:

> As a free Canadian citizen I claim the vital democratic right to criticise the policy of the Canadian or any other Government. I believe non-intervention in any European war to be the best policy for Canada. . . . But I am a democrat before anything else and would accept the majority decision so that, if called upon for military service, I should respond to the call. . . . But until that day comes, and indeed beyond it, I shall fight for civil liberties every step of the way, which is more than can be said for most of my critics.

An honest and courageous statement.

Federal Union

Fear paralyses some people and wakes others up. That is the reason why the familiar idea of Federal Union, which no one would listen to during the last twenty years, has suddenly caught on. Clarence Streit's book, *Union Now*, makes a somewhat strained comparison between the union of the thirteen American States and a possible union of U.S.A. and the western European democracies. The difficulties, geographical, political and economic, would at any other time have been enough to laugh the proposal out of court. But men to-day are beginning to see that national sovereignty must disappear; that it is a ludicrous anomaly to maintain small Nation-states in days of aeroplanes and wireless, and that the most crying need of our times is a full union of countries which mean to defend a common heritage of culture and freedom. As a practical proposition, the one hopeful line of advance to-day is a close alliance of all the Powers which fear aggression and want peace. For such an alliance the U.S.S.R. is indispensable; without Russia, as a correspondent points out in our columns this week, the smaller democratic States which are regarded as probable members of the Federal Union would find it quite impossible to do anything but give in to Germany. The manifesto now issued by the Federal Union organisation (44 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1) is signed by eminent people as various as Lord Astor, Ernest Bevin, Lionel Curtis, Sir T. Drummond Shiels, Hamilton Fife, Sir Richard Gregory, Captain Liddell Hart, J. B. Priestley, Canon Raven, Lady Rhondda, Professor Lionel Robbins, Wickham Steed, Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton and Dr. Vaughan Williams. They insist that we must grow out of the idea of national sovereignty with its implications of competition and war, and form the nucleus of a future world federation. Whether there is war or not this idea will persist in the world, and that if there is war it will become the practical objective uniting imaginative people of many shades of opinion.

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"INTOLERABLE"

THE British Foreign Secretary in Bernard Shaw's *Geneva* astonishes the dictators by informing them that he has no idea of what British policy is. When he knows what they are doing he will know what to do; it is no use crossing bridges before you get to the river. This British pragmatism which has bewildered Continental statesmen ever since the days of Palmerston, worked fairly well until the twentieth century. It worked in the nineteenth century because Britain was much the strongest power in the world and could afford to neglect foresight and to trust to improvisation. Lack of a clear decision by Britain is believed by competent historians to have been the fatal factor in 1914, and ever since the war thoughtful people of many schools of thought have begged us not to repeat this error. The definite commitments involved in the Geneva protocol were antipathetic to British tradition and psychology. Indeed the fear of any surrender of sovereignty to a joint committee of Powers was one of the main reasons why the British National Government played so large a part in destroying the League of Nations. When Japan entered Manchuria they decided that it was to our commercial interests to take her side. When driven into sanctions against Italy in 1935 they preferred an Italian victory to a victory for international law. When Germany and Italy invaded Spain they deluded themselves that Franco could be bought. Behind these decisions or lack of decisions there was always the same fallacy—that we could muddle through by relying on British prestige and British money even in a period when we were no longer the most powerful State and no longer, without the allies we were losing, conceivably able to prevent war or defend our empire. Those who pointed to the nature of the Fascist States and urged action while there was still an international law to defend and a clear means of preventing war, were denounced as warmongers. Useless to explain to Conservatives that the League was not an idealistic joke, but the only realistic organisation to meet a new world in which peaceful Powers had to stand or fall together. If only England were adequately armed, they said, all would be well.

They have their answer to-day in Tientsin. If England had twice the air force and five times the army we should still not be able to hold our position in China. If we had stood by our word in 1931 the Japanese would not be there. If we had stood by our word in 1935 Italy would not be an Axis Power. If we had helped the Spanish Republic France would not have enemies on three frontiers. If we had maintained the League we should not be menaced by Nazi Germany to-day. As it is, we are in the position of a country which is fighting a war on an immense and scattered front with the army spread out over a vast area and its bridges burnt behind it. Our Government cannot decide whether to withdraw or to fight impossible battles. They are reduced to protests and demonstrations which are no more than cocking a snook at implacable enemies. The British public, oblivious of the bombing of tens of thousands of Chinese, and not yet fully aware of our changed position in the world, is outraged because a few Britons are stripped and insulted outside concessions which should never have been forced on the Chinese in the first place and which we could have abandoned with dignity and decency to the Chinese only a short time ago. To-day they are hostage in the hands of the Japanese who naturally enjoy repaying us for the countless insults which we in our sublime superiority have inflicted on the yellow races in the past. Mr. Chamberlain says that those insults are "intolerable." On the contrary in the present world of torture, death and misery they are relatively insignificant. The intolerable insult is the policy that has led to this pass.

After Hitler's occupation of Prague on March 15th it seemed as if the Government had been goaded into action. It was late, but not too late. They declared that they would adopt the Opposition policy of forming a "peace front," and they promptly handed over their sovereignty not to a league of powerful States, but to Poland and to Rumania, and later to Turkey and Greece. These alliances were little more than suicidal unless they were supported by a firm agreement with the vast and incalculable power of Soviet Russia. Under pressure, negotiations were begun with Russia, which had asked for a consultation at Bucharest the day after the ultimatum to Rumania and only four days after the seizure of Prague. This practical proposal was rejected, out of hand, on the same day that it was made, on the astonishing grounds first that it was "not quick enough" to meet the situation and secondly that it was "premature." Compelled by necessity, on April 15th, the Government began conversations in Moscow. Russia demanded a full and comprehensive alliance. The British counter-proposals left obvious loopholes for an attack on Russia with British connivance. Then followed a long series of proposals and counter-proposals; at the same time actions were taken which were anything but reassuring to Stalin. On April 23rd Sir Nevile Henderson was sent back to Berlin and a new appeasement campaign began in the *Times* of May 1st. The whole dangerous situation was summarised in the *Times*' phrase "Danzig is not worth a war." Nobody thought it was; the question was whether war could be prevented by making it clear to Hitler that future aggression would meet with resistance. Negotiations over Danzig and discussion of other controversies with Germany would have been intelligent and proper, if there had been a peace alliance of sufficient strength to rule out the likelihood of a German attack. Without such an alliance our attitude convinced the world and especially America, whose goodwill is an absolutely vital factor for our security, that even now we did not mean what we said. Mr. Litvinov, who was apparently thought to be too gentle a diplomat, was dismissed, and the negotiations taken on by Molotov, the mouthpiece of Stalin himself. The Russian attitude became firmer and the British took refuge in a series of formulae. To prove our sincerity, Mr. Montagu Norman and his colleague passed ten million pounds of Czech gold over to Germany; at the same time our way of rebuking Mexican "Bolshevism" had the deplorable result of diverting the entire Mexican output of oil to Germany so that Hitler might bomb us with less fear of our blockade. Two-and-a-half months have now passed since the Russian conversations opened and three-and-a-half months since the new policy was announced. The deterrent value of the alliance, even if it is concluded, has decreased, and we are confronted, if Goebbels means what he says and is not merely playing on our nerves, with the virtual certainty of an attack on Poland in some

form or another within the next two months, with growing pressure from Japan and with the choice of a final and complete surrender which will put Europe under Nazi domination or a war whose horrors are inconceivable and whose results are incalculable.

Mme. Tabouis may perhaps be able to prophesy what will happen in the next few months. We cannot. We can still imagine a resolute Government which could face the situation, realising that it cannot defend all its possessions, that it has already lost so much face that the only chance of maintaining any dignity and independence is to withdraw from positions in China which are mere hostages in Japanese hands, and by swiftly cementing the Russian alliance to convince the world that there is somewhere it means to stand. A clear announcement about where it stands and what it would do might yet save a war, because Hitler is as aware as we are that world war of a nature we have learned to expect would destroy every ruling class and substitute—nobody knows what. A strong Government, necessarily cautious, but firm where it was strong enough to be firm, might yet avert war, though it could not save much that British people have regarded as eternal. It could still be the hero of its own destiny instead of the spectator of our tragedy. All we can be quite sure of is that the breaking point both for the Left and Right of this country is much nearer than appearances suggest. We put aside all questions of motive; we are no longer interested in attacks on individuals; we merely assert that it is as obvious to all the world as it is to us that those who rule us are incompetent to do so. We will not prophesy who our next rulers will be.

PEACE ECONOMY OR WAR ECONOMY?

EVEN though British expenditure on armaments has risen sixfold over the past six years, and seems destined to go on rising at an ever-increasing rate, how much sign is there that the Government is in any way aware of the necessary consequences of this increase? It is true that the very fact of the rise beginning in a period of severe industrial depression, when there was plenty of unemployed capacity of machines and man-power waiting to be used, enabled rearmament to proceed a long way with no noticeable disturbance to the life of the ordinary citizen, and indeed to the accompaniment of a rise in private incomes and in the supply of consumers' goods. To a remarkable extent we were able both to eat our cake and to have it—precisely because we had been abstaining from eating nearly all of it before.

But armament activity has now reached a point at which this is no longer possible, at any rate without special measures of an emergency type. There are still left a very large number of unemployed workers; but it has become evident that most of them cannot be drawn back into employment by a mere process of the expansion of demand. They will have to be trained for new occupations, and provided with new equipment on which they are to work by special action designed to bring all the available resources into use. Moreover, this simply cannot be done without interference with the normal course of consumers' demand. If we want to increase further—as we undoubtedly do, to the furthest possible point—our supply of aeroplanes, anti-aircraft equipment, and other munitions of war, we must reduce the demand for types of goods which require the services of the same kinds of machine-equipment and skilled labour and managerial resources. Similarly, if we really want to import increased quantities of raw materials and other productive agents required for developing our war potential, and want at the same time to lay in tidy stores of bulky or "scarce" foodstuffs and materials so as to provide a war reserve, we must, in face of the rapid depletion of our gold supply and the growing pressure on the pound, take steps to reduce our intake of less essential imports and so avoid an accumulation of financial difficulties which would seriously weaken our power to command even necessary imports in time of actual war.

These points can be simply illustrated. The increased tax on motor cars is being opposed because it would depress the motor-car industry. But, if we are serious about war preparation, it is of the greatest importance that the motor manufacturers should find their normal markets depressed, in order the more easily to release labour and capital resources for making aeroplanes, tanks, lorries and other war supplies. There is an unanswerable case for exempting old cars from the increased tax, just because it is in the national interest to persuade as many people as possible to keep their old cars instead of buying new ones. This would at once maintain the number of cars available for requisitioning in time of war, and reduce the pressure on a sector of industry in which military and private requirements are already in serious conflict.

Secondly, there is the question of "Government priority" covered by the Ministry of Supply Bill now before Parliament. It is plain that Government orders ought in the present situation to have priority; but what will occur if priority is enforced, and the manufacturers are then left to control the rest of their output as they please? It is obvious that, in face of rising home demand generated by rapidly rising public expenditure, most manufacturers will find their works fully occupied by Government *plus* private home orders, and will let exports go hang for the time being. This, however, will be disastrous; for how are we to buy the increased imports which we need for use or storage unless we can pay for them with a growing (as against a rapidly falling) quantity of exports? Export demand at the moment is relatively good; and many manufacturers are turning export orders away. The result, even as matters stand, is an increasingly adverse trade balance, which is being met by losses of gold.

We say "even as matters stand," because we see no evidence that the Government is following a policy of storage on anything like an adequate scale. If we really take the war risk seriously, we ought *now* to be using every available ton of shipping space to bring to this country supplies which it will be, at the very least, much more difficult and expensive to buy and to transport in time of actual war. We ought to be buying up and bringing to Great Britain large supplies not only of grain and sugar and iron ore and of every bulky import which we know we shall need, but also of less bulky but essential goods, such as non-ferrous metals, of which the prices are certain to rise sharply against us if war actually comes. Not to make these purchases and transport them now, on the largest possible scale, is sheer folly; but, if we are to make them, we must also do all we can to stimulate the export of every kind of British product that we can spare, and to do without every import that we can somehow manage to dispense with.

This amounts to saying that, if we are serious about war preparation, the Government must not only continue to speed up its orders for war supplies, but must also drastically speed down private orders for all kinds of non-essential goods that interfere with either the production or the import of war supplies. There are various ways of setting about this. One of the most obvious is taxation at a much high level than has been attempted so far, not only on "arms profits" or "excess profits" in a wider sense, but of a kind that will hit hard at every type of luxury expenditure. This could be achieved partly by great steepening of income-plus-surtax graduation from, say, the £500 a year level, and partly by excise taxes levied immediately on luxury goods and services. But it is necessary, in order to get quick and decisive results, and to prevent a sharp rise in the prices of certain kinds of goods, of which the Government is taking most of the supply, to tackle the problem also from the other end. It is necessary to prevent the use of the capital market for financing new

capital investments which will both compete with Government and export orders for the use of existing plant and raise the rates of interest against the Government as a borrower. It is necessary to ensure priority for export orders as well as for Government contracts, up to the point requisite to maintain an adequate supply of foreign exchange. And it is necessary to limit non-essential imports, and therewith to regulate the prices of home products in order to prevent the exclusion of these imports from causing excessive profits to the home producers.

These illustrations—for they are no more—are designed to point the moral that we cannot any longer both eat our cake and have it. Germany having, as a totalitarian State, adopted the policy of guns *versus* butter, we cannot get enough guns to fight Germany (or better still, to make it unnecessary for us to fight her) without making some sacrifices too. Between guns and butter we are fortunate enough for the present not to need to choose. Of these we can still have both. But we cannot have guns *and* butter *and* as many expensive new motor cars, dresses, wines, cigars, foreign holidays, purchases of American securities, and so on as we please. We do have to choose, not between guns and butter, but between guns on the one hand and the enjoyment of maximum profits plus maximum private consumption of luxuries on the other. But at present, instead of enforcing this choice, the Government is enriching the consumers all round by its expenditure of borrowed money, and is thus directly stimulating luxury consumption and non-essential investment at the same time as it is crying out for priority for war supplies. If it gets its priority (even that is doubtful) the effects will be to depress exports, which are indispensable, and by raising prices in the "free" market to inflate profits and luxury spending.

We have no space left for pursuing the argument further now. But we shall return to it; for there is much more to be said. For the moment, we can sum up by saying that the Government's present policy is one of mixing oil and water. It is trying to put the country on a war footing without taking it off a peace footing. But this involves—what is of the utmost practical importance—a peace attitude as against a war attitude on the part of both capital and labour as organised interests. As long as the consumer is allowed to consume luxuries, and the employer to go out for maximum profit without let or hindrance, both employer and worker will work a "peace stroke." Trade Unions will oppose all forms of dilution; employers will evade every regulation they can get round. But, if we want maximum output in order to ward off war, we need to work a "war stroke" now in time of peace. That demands a different psychology among the people; but that different psychology cannot possibly arise from a Government which is still bent on making the worst of both worlds.

A LONDON DIARY

THIS is an extraordinary moment in our history. Almost everyone one meets behind the scenes believes that the crisis will reach its height about the beginning of August, and many of them assume that there will be war. And yet all the most obvious precautions are neglected. It is not true, as it was last September, that London is an undefended city, but it is true that there are still no shelters and that last week there was an A.R.P. rehearsal in Chelsea *with chalk lines to mark the spot where shelters ought to be!* One wonders whether Sir John Anderson has ever contemplated the reaction of the populace if we are bombed in the course of the next few months and have no shelters to go to. The Air Defence League has been hammering away on this subject and has published several excellent bulletins and brought all sorts of pressure to bear on the Government. The daily press avoids the subject, presumably because people do not want to read news which suggests that they may die violently in a short time and that the Government they support is responsible for their death. Even more alarming is the fact that there is still no large-scale storage of food. Why in heaven's name is not the entire mercantile marine engaged in bringing raw materials and durable foodstuffs to this country? Every expert knows that Germany's plans involve a blockade by air of British ports, and everyone knows that with three navies against us even modern precautions against submarines will not prevent many casualties at sea. People ask in bewilderment why our rulers have brought us into a position in which war is so difficult to avoid and yet have not provided for our protection. They ask whether the real explanation is that Mr. Chamberlain is a pacifist; but if Mr. Lansbury had been in charge we should have given no pledge to the Poles. They notice the foresight of Mr. Churchill; they read his new book *Step by Step* (Butterworth, 12*s.* 6*d.*) and realise that the best leader our ruling class had at its disposal has been granted no role except that of Cassandra. (Mr. Churchill was long blind over Spain, but otherwise farsighted.) Then I am asked if our rulers are really Machiavellian. Are they "traitors"? The answer is that we are not faced by anything so melodramatic as a British Nazi plot. We have a Government of elderly "yes" men, headed by an honest and obstinate business man with out-of-date ideas and supported by a Whitehall administration which is confused and bewildered by lack of leadership and too tired and too bureaucratic to take any initiative.

* * *

One of the decisive factors in the last war was Britain's control of the world's cables and news services. One gets some inkling of the way in which Britain has allowed this to slip in Carleton Beals' *The Coming Struggle for Latin America* (Cape, 10*s.* 6*d.*). You will find that Japan and Germany and Italy have immensely increased their economic, political and ideological hold throughout South America, that the United States is trying to hold its own, while Britain seems to be content that her name should disappear except as the owner of investments in the Argentine. Mr. Carleton Beals piles up facts and statistics and is bitterly ironical about the "democratic" hooey talked at the Lima Conference. I was especially interested in his description of the ineptitude of the propaganda done by democratic countries, and I want to add one detail. At the Lima Conference, the greatest event in South America, when America, Germany, Italy and Japan had large teams of journalists, the British press was only represented by one local resident. His instructions by telegram were as follows: "Send fifty words on the opening of the Conference; nothing subsequently unless there is an assassination."

* * *

Here is part of a letter written by a Czech farmer, now a refugee, to an English friend. Read it aloud to get the full quality. It is comic, of course, in parts, like the proverbial schoolboy's translation of Homer. But the startling thing is the biblical rhyme. Space it out as the Song of Solomon is spaced and note the parallel:

DEAR LADY OF THE REFUGEES.

Thank you for the transport with my wife enclosed. She is now in her lawful situation with the assistance to me her claimer you have provided. Also important to me, is my horses, numbering two, who have with me been from their birth and you can see then their reasons for being unable to continue without me. They are on our now lost farm and have not friends. Could you spare to be friendly to my horses for me in their grief moments, in Barn No. X on main road Y kilometres from Praha? As without them I cannot do, I beg you, dear lady, to do all for my horses to enclose them in your earliest transport. Also one amount of hay for as you know the two days journey. The hay can be had at the now lost farm, in the stable to the right side. Please to see that my horses come to the frontier without sorrow. I and my family will meet them at London when they a cabled there.

Please do not keep me in grief for my horses. For how can a man as I am fail in these? For your aid with them, one has a white star on his frontness of head and answers Fritz. The other, a lady, is like my wife Anna, lame and short in tail.

* * *

Two remarkable artists died last week. Mark Gertler's death is particularly distressing because his remarkable gift

was rapidly maturing. Possessed early of extraordinary technical ability—he could paint, when he wished, like the best Dutch realists—he pursued his personal vision with obstinate integrity; and for years it was difficult to like his pictures, though impossible not to respect them. His last two exhibitions showed that he was finally arriving at his goal, and placed him in the front rank of living English painters. The second loss is that of Ford Madox Ford. It is rare, I think, for a considerable man of letters to be so inadequately recognised when he dies. He made enemies, of course, but that fact, one would have thought, might have ensured a full tribute from generous opponents. The obituary articles I have seen do no more than touch the fringe of his remarkable literary output, and what has surprised me most is the passing over of his great trilogy of war novels. Some friends of mine argue that his hero, Tietjens, is the best picture of an intelligent soldier in the mass of English post-war fiction. Ford made a striking success for a few years of the *English Review*, which is remembered mainly perhaps for having printed contributions as far removed from one another as Masefield's four long narrative poems and the early stories of D. H. Lawrence. He had to contend with private bad luck over a long period. He had an immense circle of acquaintances from which he drew an almost inexhaustible store of reminiscence. But his memory was unreliable; his conversation was fascinating just because one never knew what inaccuracy was coming next. The novel was not the only field in which the inventiveness of Ford Madox Hueffer Ford had play.

* * *

Last Friday's *Daily Telegraph* contained the misleading headline: "Police Chiefs Hear Professor on Flogging." Professor Bartlett has sent me a full account of what he actually said and I find that he made no reference of any sort to flogging. As a psychologist, he was making the theoretical point which Bernard Shaw made when he defended a blow given in anger and condemned judicial ceremonial whipping in cold blood. His argument was clearly against flogging as now practised, and no help at all to the flogging party in the House of Commons. But I think he showed a certain academic irresponsibility in suggesting to Chief Constables that there can be any type of case in which it may be desirable for the police to act violently to an individual who has not been tried. I cannot think that the Professor would have said such a thing if he had considered its political implications.

* * *

Sometimes the sensational press prints significant items which are omitted in the more solid columns of the *Times* and *Telegraph*. If you read the account in these papers of the enquiry as to why the drummer-boy fell down when he was being drilled, you will perhaps notice that the drummer-boy told exactly the same story as the N.C.O.s, but you will not learn why it was that witnesses from the general public who had promised to give evidence failed to turn up. The *Daily Express* gave the letter written by Mr. Smith, butler to Mrs. Washington Singer of Park Street, who explained that he and his fiancèe, Miss Blundell, who is head housemaid at the Dowager Countess of Harewood's in Upper Belgrave Street, could not give their expected evidence, because "my young lady unfortunately cannot get time off in the mornings," and "my employer naturally takes a serious view of all the publicity this affair has caused." So the impartial evidence was lacking.

* * *

A letter from a friend: "I just finished a book last night; it had taken me nine months. I felt relieved of a weight, tired, and a little astonished; but most of all hurt, that so little notice was taken of my labour and delivery. Eventually I fetched up some Spanish Government champagne, whose possession is evidence more of my loyalty than my palate, and drank to myself with the aid of my wife and two children, but it was all rather dim and grim. Yet it is unfair that a woman who reproduces her kind in the normal way should be fussed over so, while no notice at all is taken of the birth of a child of the mind. I think at least people should visit; should turn over the pages of the masterpiece and make the proper remarks. I do not in the least mind if they afterwards make catty remarks going down the garden path: 'My dear, I thought it most unhealthy; I shouldn't think it would live. Of course I couldn't say so.' 'They tell me there was awful difficulty in getting his last one out at all; he had to have an Agent' (in the tone in which you say 'she had to have a Cæsarian'). 'And how is your own little novel? I heard it wasn't doing too well.' 'Anyway, each of *his* novels is like its brothers; in that house there's no question of it looking like some one else's work, and you know how unpleasant people can be about that, don't you, darling?'" CRITIC

THE BATTLE OF THE RENTS

NOT only in the crowded areas round the London docks, but in outer London, Birmingham, the Midlands and Liverpool, Tenants' Associations are growing at an astonishing rate, and I believe that they are the most significant and genuinely democratic movement which we have known for many years.

Last Wednesday, after "the battle of Langdale Mansions" had made rent strikes front-page news, I went down to Stepney to look round for myself. The offices of the Tenants' Defence League are at the top of a narrow winding flight of stairs filled with a jostling and good-humoured crowd of helpers. Here, in a welter of typewriters and telephones, I had a talk with Mr. Rosen, Councillor Gordon and Father Groser, the president of the League. Father Groser was summed up for me by the charming lady who afterwards took me round. "He really is one of those fighting priests," she said, "whom you read about in fourpenny novelettes." But he is not merely a good cricketer with a sense of pity for the poor. For years he has been one of the leaders of the struggle against injustice in the East End and he is a shrewd tactician as well as a saint. He told me how the League started just under a year ago, as a sort of advisory bureau on rent problems. To begin with, they took up the individual cases, which one incessantly meets with in the East End, of "key money" and of tenants in controlled houses who for years have been charged far more than their legal rent. But they soon realised that to remedy a few cases of illegality only made matters worse; it drove a wedge between people living in controlled houses and those who had the misfortune to pay whatever rents the landlords wished to extract. "The only way we could fight," he said, "was by extra-legal mass action." And so the League, which now has some 6,000 members and an executive committee of 60, representative of all the different blocks of buildings in the area, turned into a householders' trade union. The tenants began to make organised demands from their landlords on all the grievances, repairs, high rents, etc., which individual action had for years been unable to remove. In the past ten months the Stepney Tenants' Defence League has successfully settled some seventeen disputes, some after rent strikes as long as twenty weeks. So well disciplined has been its "illegal" activity that only last week, when yet another agreement was reached, the judge in court congratulated it on its work and said that we should be grateful to it for preserving the peace.

Stepney has a peculiar and unusually difficult housing problem. Its dock workers cannot be moved to outer London, and therefore rehousing takes far longer here than elsewhere. This is part of the reason for the housing shortage which has pushed up—to take an average case from a comprehensive list which I studied—a 1915 rent of 8*s.* for two rooms to 17*s.* 6*d.* to-day for a decontrolled house. Had the house been controlled, the rent would only be 12*s.* 11*d.*, and it is this difference which constitutes the chief grievance of the tenants.

It is difficult to deny Father Groser's conclusion that action through normal channels would have been completely ineffective. As he says, if in the early days of the Trades Union movement the workers had been content to abide strictly by the letter of the law, we should have no Trades Unions to-day, and it is an

ominous sign of the times that the London Labour Party has shunned the Tenants' Associations and that many prominent Labour politicians have issued their warnings against this "dangerous movement," though the Party has at last let it be known that its members may, if they wish, associate themselves with it. I must however in justice add that the Labour majority on the L.C.C. has had an awkward problem to solve. Inheriting the evils of years of neglect, it has been faced by strikes on its own estates, which made it impossible for it to support the movement without reserve. But this does not excuse the failure to recognise the need for Associations, or the attempt to discredit them by suggesting, quite wrongly, that they are veiled Communist organisations.

For the people I met in Stepney such considerations seemed totally irrelevant. They were interested in rents and repairs, not in politics, and they felt that Tenants' Associations are the only practical channel for negotiations between the landlord and the householder. As Mr. Gordon said to me, "Your Sanitary Inspector can decontaminate a room here and a room there, but it is only an association of the tenants themselves working together which can really deal with the bug problem. You can tell each individual tenant not to shoot his rubbish out of the window into a dust pile in the middle of the court, but it is only a Tenants' Association which will abolish such practices." Quite apart from the rent problem, the Associations have a purpose to fulfil as vital as that of the Trade Unions in industry.

I went to see one of the blocks of flats where a strike is in progress. Here the situation is complicated by the fact that the ground landlord has got to be dealt with as well. A well-known philanthropist, whose generosity has been rewarded with a K.C.M.G., receives £650 a year ground rent for 57 dwelling houses, half of which have only three rooms. When I approached another block of tenements in Brady Street, it was through tense crowds and a goodly collection of police. Here the most formidable barricades have been erected, and for six weeks the tenants have lived in a state of siege as eviction orders have been granted and they fear an attack by the bailiffs under police protection. We squeezed in single file past pickets at the padlocked gate and found a population who behaved as though they had been living rent strikes all their lives. "The League's a wonderful thing," one little man said to me, "but after twenty-one weeks this sort of thing does get on one's nerves." When I asked him what he was fighting for he was a bit puzzled. "Oh, you mean what I'd get out of it?" he said. "I could have got what I wanted on my own, but the League's the thing." The feeling against the police was running high. Hundreds of policemen had cordoned off eight streets round Langdale Mansions and then stormed the barricades, and that evening a perfectly peaceful demonstration had been savagely broken up. "Of course, you expect a knock in any anti-Fascist demo," one stout, middle-aged lady said to me, "but it does seem hard when the police use their batons on the people because they are trying to get fair rents." This attitude is appreciated by distinguished and normally law-abiding people who understand the conditions. The Bishop of Stepney and Dr. Brody of the Jewish Board of Deputies have joined in the protest against the police action, while Jimmy Mallon, of Toynbee Hall, has been speaking on behalf of the strikers.

In the Midlands the strikes have not these sensational features, but here, too, they are a spontaneous democratic movement, and on the new housing estates where the "foreigners" have up till now lived a lonely life, they have given a sense of community which the churches and political parties had failed to provide. No one quite knows how many of the 45,000 Birmingham Corporation tenants are on strike, but when the Labour Lord Mayor tried to open a new Housing Estate, the ceremony was turned into a tenants' demonstration, by hanging a dummy bailiff on one of the new houses; and 8,000 women marched solemnly in the funeral procession afterwards. The crowds, which took the show seriously and doffed their hats, were disconcerted to see on the coffin when it passed the label, "With Love from Hitler." In Oxford another far smaller strike has begun on a private speculative estate. Here the rent collector's round on Monday mornings has become a scene of high comedy. A diminutive figure in a smart blue suit slips out of the estate office, and immediately there is a blast from dozens of whistles, and the women go the round with their prams and follow him quietly from door to door. The little collector smiles feebly and tries to look at ease, as he prances up the garden path to meet each sturdy refusal. Meanwhile another crowd keeps watch on the retired policeman who is the estate's unqualified bailiff. Everyone is in high good humour. For the first time the estate has its chara. outings, whists and socials, all organised by the Association. It is happy because it has a common social objective, in which everyone can take part.

The movement is not merely concerned with lower rents. All its leaders realise that nothing less than a new Rent Act will be sufficient, and in the middle of July the first national convention of Tenants' Associations will be held at Birmingham, Hitler permitting. I look forward to it with high anticipation and I am sure that it will be the liveliest and most democratic conference for many years.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Stapleton.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I have long felt very indignant that nature studies should be permitted. There is not a tiny defenceless creature that has not had its pitiful secrets laid bare. A kindly Providence has given them a natural protection which is being wantonly violated.—Letter in *Daily Sketch.*

Walter Hammond said that England and cricket were in danger. The world must know that no nation could attack Great Britain and get away with it.—*Sunday Times.*

May we have an assurance from the Ministry of Air authorities that flying operations will be suspended on the Sabbath? The English Sunday with all that it stands for made England great in the past, and gave her a mighty Empire. Has she grown so callous and so irreligious as to forget this? Those of us who know the Continental Sunday have no wish to see it introduced here. It is the cause of all the trouble on the Continent.—Letter in *Cambridgeshire Times.*

Georgie: "Will you please tell me the correct way to eat grapes and bananas?

"I have always eaten grapes by picking the fruit from the stem, conveying them to my mouth with my fingers, and removing pips by ejecting them into the hollow of my hand."—*Daily Mirror.*

His Majesty's Government cannot but believe that the Japanese Government share their own desire not to widen the area of disagreement or to render more acute the already difficult situation.—Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons.

The headmaster also mentioned that members of the staff had at length broken down the opposition of a long line of headmasters to mixed bathing. It was subsequently explained, however, that the mixed bathing concerned only members of the school staff and their families and not the boys.—*News Chronicle.*

Teddington Hospital carnival fete is again in trouble. Last year there was a storm of protest because of its Lady Godiva theme. This time it is all over Adam and Eve. The vicar of St. Alban's parish, the Rev. Herbert Williams, has written to the committee saying that if the Adam and Eve idea is not abandoned he will ask all Christian people to keep away.—*Evening Standard.*

Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, said last night: "Don't be depressed by all those gloomy and dismal things that are happening in the world to-day. We are much the greatest people in the world, and we shall come out on top."—*Manchester Guardian.*

PEN AND POISON

IT was difficult to read a letter from a German in the *Times* the other day without feeling a liking for the writer because of his innocence. He was obviously sincere, but he was sincere after the fashion of the little girl who believed that "Daddy is always right." He wrote as one who wished for better relations with England, but at the same time he praised the Nazi authorities for keeping the mass of Germans ignorant of the English and French point of view on current European affairs. "Those," he declared, "who have the opportunity of reading foreign papers and who still believe in a friendly settlement between England and Germany are grateful to the Government for not allowing the German people to know of the daily poison spread in foreign papers against Germany."

That, it seems to me, is an extremely attractive interpretation of Dr. Goebbels's control of the German press. No one but an essentially good man could have put it forward. The picture of Dr. Goebbels working night and day to prevent the mind of the German people from being poisoned against the democratic countries by reading the poison spread against Germany in the papers of those countries is innocent enough to be hung on the wall of a nursery. Dr. Goebbels trying to keep his people from hating England—saying "Hush!" sternly at the mildest attempt to rouse anti-British sentiment—it is a beautiful picture, and I wish that I were simple enough of heart to believe that it is true.

As I cannot read German, however, I may be unjustly suspicious of Dr. Goebbels. It may be that the report of the recent vilification of England in the German press was only another of the usual lies sent from Berlin by English journalists. The German references to the outrages on British subjects in Tientsin, which were regarded as gleeful by these journalists, may really have been meant to be sympathetic. It is difficult to imagine a civilised man taking pleasure in the thought of a woman of any nationality being stripped and searched with the grossest indignity, and one has to admit the possibility that the English journalists unintentionally mistranslated the passages referring to the incident. Similarly, the references to English difficulties in Palestine may have sounded much more sympathetic in German than in a bad English translation. It is true that, according to the *Times*, "perfidious Albion" has become a stock phrase in the German newspapers, but that, after all, is the sort of phrase with which nations have always twitted each other, and Englishmen have got as well used to it as to being called "a nation of shopkeepers."

Nor will Englishmen take too seriously the statement in the *Nachtausgabe* that "from day to day the world sees the old political boots thrown at Britain in all corners of the earth." They will recognise in this a mere statement of fact, which might be made by the most patriotic Englishman as well as by the friendliest German. After all, these old political boots have been "thrown at Britain" for centuries, often returning, like boomerangs, in the direction of those who threw them.

The story that appeared in a German paper about English tanks being used in Eire last Sunday against an I.R.A. crowd cannot exactly be described as a statement of fact; but it may have been written in good faith by a journalist so ignorant of contemporary history that he had never heard of the British evacuation of Eire. He may have been educated in one of those totalitarian schools where history is taught in a rather topsy-turvy fashion, and I should not be surprised to hear that he believes that the English are still trying to force tea down the throats of reluctant Bostonians.

I doubt, however, whether Dr. Goebbels is wise to allow all these dubious references to England to appear in the German press. They are obviously misunderstood in England and there is a danger that they may be equally misunderstood in Germany. All the good that he does by confiscating the more poisonous issues of the *Times* he may easily undo by permitting his newspapers to print matter so open to misinterpretation that it might lead a patriotic German to utter the most undesirable anti-English sentiments at the breakfast table. Dr. Goebbels has proved by his actions that he realises the power of the press for good or evil; but, though he has shorn it of most of its dangerous liberties, he has left it with just a little power for evil. He should look into this. Many people, reading extracts from the German press, might easily be led to the conclusion that the Nazi wants to dominate Europe and, after Europe, the world. That would be unfortunate.

As things are, I am afraid, if a selection of apparently poisonous matter were made from the German and the English press, there would be more anti-English poison discovered in the newspapers of Germany than anti-German poison discovered in the newspapers of England. I wish an Englishman and a German who had the time would have a competition as to which of them could produce within a month the finer collection of poisonous extracts from the press of the other's country. I may be rash, but I should bet twenty to one on the Englishman. The chief difficulty would be, of course, to find a definition of "poison" that both would accept. The Nazi definition of poison, for example, would cover almost every reference to Germany that was not out-and-out eulogy. It was once poisonous to suggest that the Germans intended to march into Austria. Later, it was poisonous to report that Germany was mobilising against Czechoslovakia. Again it was poisonous to throw doubt on Hitler's statement that now his last territorial ambition was satisfied. It is poisonous, indeed, to suggest that Herr Hitler meant what he said in *Mein Kampf*. The well of Truth itself is in Nazi eyes a source of poison. The naked lady who emerges from it is to the Nazi a modern Marquise de Brinvilliers.

Hence, it is very difficult to argue with a Nazi. If you say, "Live and let live," he misunderstands you, and says: "You are threatening my life." If you say, "Let's talk things over," he says: "You are trying to encircle me." If you ask him what encirclement means he says—or, perhaps, he only thinks—"Preparing to defend yourself in case you are attacked." For his definition of "encirclement" is as local in its application as his definition of poison. To encircle France for purposes of war, for example, is not encirclement from a Nazi point of view; it is encirclement only to encircle Germany for purposes of peace.

And Germans, like the writer to the *Times*, obviously believe that encirclement of this kind is evidence of hatred of Germany and that countries that unite to defend themselves against her if she attacks them are eager to leap upon her and crush her as Rome crushed Carthage. For that is another curious definition of the Nazis: "peace-loving," they say, means "war-loving." All the old meanings of words are gone in the Nazi dictionary. "Defence" means "attack"; "freedom" means "despotism"; "Aryan" means "Japanese." Such an *Alice-in-Wonderland* use of language clearly makes discussion difficult. I once heard a charming Irishwoman, who was herself learning Irish, talking Irish to her small son, and, because she did not know the Irish for "elephant," she called an elephant (in Irish) a "cow." She also, for a similar reason, called a monkey a "dog." The Nazi vocabulary seems to me to be equally puzzling. I wonder whether Dr. Goebbels himself understands it.

Anyhow, he has taught many of his countrymen—many, indeed, I am sure, of his sincere and high-minded countrymen—to speak it; and one of the most popular results of learning to speak it is that it removes all sense of guilt. How soothing it must be to live in a country in which "Germany threatens the peace of Europe" means—if you know the new language—"Germany is threatened by the so-called peace-loving nations of Europe." All responsibility for anything evil that happens is immediately transferred to the shoulders of the foreigner. The umbrella of the Englishman becomes a disguised sword with a poisoned tip.

That is one of the chief dangers in Europe to-day—that so

many Germans have been trained to use words without reference to their real meaning. That, I think, is what has happened to the German writer to the *Times*. He is like the Irish child who was taught to call an elephant a cow, and a monkey a dog. I love him for his innocence, but I wish, for the sake of Germany as well as for the sake of Europe, that there were more Germans who had learnt to call a spade a spade after the old fashion. Y. Y.

OXFORD

I AM a Liberal in the general sense
That I believe in nothing very much.
I read the papers and I keep in touch
With murders, films and similar events;
I read the adverts. for Mercedes-Benz
Which (I'm a Liberal) do deserve high praise;
Politically, I like to straddle on the fence,
But Oxford's so political these days.

Just take an evening wander in the Parks
Or stroll one morning in the Broad or High.
You'll hear the truth of Hegel and just why
He is no Fascist but a friend to Marx.
And there a poet with short hair embarks
Upon the struggle for the highest bays;
He sings of Lenin and neglects the larks.
Oxford is so political these days.

Our fathers and grandfathers in their day
Knew little Rousseau but they left us cash,
And who are we that we should be so rash
And throw our old inheritance away?
The Indians got my Uncle in Bombay
But still his firm survives and still it pays!
Let's shelve old Rousseau if it's going to pay.
Oxford is too political these days.

I met a girl, whose name I now forget—
She rolled in money and she oozed with "it";
She spoke King's English, had a pretty wit,
Although she was an undergraduette.
I even think her name was in Debrett—
But, though I loved her for her gentle ways,
I learned in time she was a Suffragette.
Oxford is too political these days.

Prince Someone's up this year; and Hitler's niece;
The Union squabbles in a wordy maze;
I'd give my vote to get a little peace—
Oxford is too political these days.

GRAEME WILSON

Miscellany

BY HORSE IN TUNISIA

THE grey was lent to me by the Caid of Sidi Bou Zid, Salah Bin Khelifa, a charming young man, one of the most handsome Arabs (in their cultivated melancholy way) that I have met, and one who without time wasted on military training had attained the rank of Colonel in the Bey's army. Take the grey, he said, lolling back on the sofa and stroking his little Angora kittens, and the best road is to Sbeitla, where there's a good Roman forum; then up the valley to Sbiba and into the base of the Northern Tunisian mountains to Maktar, which were both Roman towns, and back again. We measured it on the map. It was just short of 300 kilometres. So I went out into the market of Sidi Bou Zid and bought a sack with a strap for five francs, came back and changed into jodhpurs and bush-shirt, put on the beautiful white string gloves that all the Arabs had heard about (they were the only clean things that I had), and went out to inspect the grey. A nice strong pony, thick neck, short body and generous head. But it isn't shod, I said, and Maktar's in the mountains. The Caid told me never to mind; it was only four years old and full of guts, and it could easily do 40 kilometres a day on its bare feet anywhere. In a few minutes the sack was packed and hitched to the saddle, a last pat to the engaging kitten and goodbye. He was right; a grand, ill-bred pony that went anywhere; we trotted 12 kilometres without changing time in the first hour, and our average for the whole job (I worked it out like an old-time American tourist) was 47 kilometres daily, in spite of mountains and the burning heat of midday. The grey was simply a likeable machine; my only fear was that I'd get to like it, seeing that I went not out to be mechanical.

My object wasn't simply to get exercise after the press-fleshpots of Tunis and Tripoli, to be a mad dog and an Englishman; though that's undoubtedly what the villagers took me for when I arrived at Sbiba. Who are you, they asked, looking in astonishment at the scarlet hibiscus face, the peeling swollen arms, the overplus of khaki, the perfect gloves that alone graced the grey. An Englishman, I answered, playing the prestige game; but they wouldn't play it too; then why don't you come by automobile, they said, you English are so rich. . . . But insanity was not my only impulse. I simply wanted to see the country that Rome had colonised in the second and third centuries after Christ, and that was almost empty now. I had seen almost the whole of the Italian colonisation in Libya; where could the French, in honest competition, take up the slack, and how? Central Tunisia was one answer to the first question, and I wanted to see it, and feel it, at leisure.

Maktar, Sbiba and Sbeitla were in antiquity the Roman *municipia*, and I believe the later *coloniae*, Mactaris, Sufes and Sufetula. Those names don't bear a Roman nose, and of course they were not originally Roman, they were Carthaginian, like everything else at all expansionist in North Africa, and Rome took them over, made them something more magnificent than trading posts, fixed upon them the universal pattern of her urban civilisation—the Forum, the Capitoline Deities, the Theatre, the Amphitheatre, the Summer and Winter Baths, the Aqueduct and the Mosaic Pavement. Round them she grew olives and wheat; and in the end Sbeitla had a population of 25,000, Sbiba of about 15,000, and Maktar of 20,000, if one is permitted to census them from the groundspace of their ruins. To-day, my guidebook told me, none of them had more than 3,000, and Sbiba was in the three figures. What's more they were poor and dirty. Sbeitla had a bit of electric light and drainage, Maktar had drainage, Sbiba—well Sbiba was very small and therefore had mostly flies. Above them all stood in senile contempt the great rotting triumphal arches and jumbled square fortresses of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, Diocletian and Justinian, saying quite straight "We builded better than you know, even though you do steal our stones." Why, I asked myself? The French are brilliant people; they know all that there is to be known about water supply and hydraulic engineering, their electrical industry is first class, they are doctors, they have forgotten more than others can remember about Mediterranean wheat, olives and wine. Why is central Tunisia, once so prosperous in its rather coarse colonial way, poor now? Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean that the Arab of these parts feels the pressure of poverty as a European would; he does not think that his face is being ground by the French; when I was there he was surviving even typhus, and at all other times seems to be perfectly happy on his uppers; the gutter is not his last ditch, but his spiritual home.

Of course, the Italians have an answer for this question They say that France cannot colonise because of her declining birthrate, and that Italy can, which is perfectly true. They tell you that if they had Tunisia, Sbeitla would soon swell out again to Sufetula and Sbiba sound more dignified as Sufes (which is Carthaginian for Magistrate). I do not doubt it.

But theirs is not a sufficient answer. For the colonisation of Rome in this area was in no sense a colonisation on the Libyan model. Rome did not pump Romans into North Africa. She communicated her civilisation and her citizenship, and she offered a market unmenaced by war, except on the outer edge of its trade routes, to the people that she found in North Africa when she took it from Carthage. It was a gradual process. It took nearly three hundred years for the first great triumphal arches to arise, for the frontier forts to be turned into towns and the grey girdle of olive groves to grow. And it was done by the natives; by the blend of Punic and Libyan or Numidian that, as the inscriptions show, gradually changed their bulbous Semitic names into those of Claudius and Sempronius and Crassus and anything else connected with the old Republican aristocracy that had passed away. They were natives who had come to honour the history of Rome; whose universal cinema were the wild beasts and the gladiators in the arena, where the propaganda was not simply the military parades and rich Hollywood interiors that our poor see, but the gifts more crudely scattered by the rich from their more comfortable seats. And even the rich were natives under the Roman mask; and yet it was not a mask, it was something more real; they were a logically false, an actually true and working part of Rome. They were, indeed, the very denial of the theory of Fascist racial colonisation. The old Rome, their *mater gentium*, was the present Rome's precise opposite. How then did they thrive, and why do the French (who have been over fifty years in Tunisia) not thrive equally, seeing that they run their Empire on principles—citizenship, education, municipal rights, the prosperous metropolitan market—more nearly Roman than are Mussolini's? It is no good saying that they haven't had as much time as Rome had. The technique of modern development moves much more rapidly than the technique of 1900 years ago. 300 years in the sight of modern capitalism in Egypt, on the Rand, in the United States of America and Japan are but as yesterday.

* * *

When I went down to Kasserine (now an agricultural colony for 168 officers and men of the Spanish Republican Navy) I saw the ruined barrage on the Wadi that had once served to make this plain fertile (and that the Spaniards, led by the Commander of the destroyer *Lepanto* that sank the *Baleares*, propose to rebuild again). I looked north on to the bare plain and mountains, and the only companion at my side was a Roman mausoleum, on whose face were engraved verses extolling the magnificent woods in the vicinity. It was like a Marx Brothers film. Riding up the sweltering valley to Sbiba I counted in the bare country to right and left the gaunt double-fingers of the Roman olive-presses, still standing to attention where nothing grows but wheat, and that only once in five years; and riding into Sbiba near sunset, when the sun laid out the ridges of the mountains, I could see the lines where the olives once grew, to-day unfertile except for a wild herb like thyme that fed a marvellous honey to the bees. In Sbeitla the *médecin de colonisation* told me that he had excavated a Roman well in his garden. It ended at 76 metres; but there it was dry. He went on digging, to find water at 82. And that's the secret of the decline of Tunisia. The barbaric invasions of Vandal and Arab broke her city life, after that sad unproductive period when the Byzantines turned her great fora and capitols into fortresses. The barrages fell to pieces, and the nomads from the East cut down her forests, and finally her olive groves that could find no market, for firewood. So the artificial methods of water conservancy went out of use, the water level fell, the wells dried up, even the rural population quit. That made the place called Tunisia; the Arab is a delightful creature, a romantic piece of goods that can be tied up in as much White Paper as his admirers chose to lavish upon him; but he sure does know how to destroy unbidden.

* * *

I fancy that the French are confronted by the same problem that faced the Romans after the destruction of Carthage; how to bring this country, ruined by nomadism and petty Numidian warfare, into bearing. The soil has not changed. All that is needed is to lift the water up into it. In other words, all that is needed is money to sink wells in artesian areas; for the modern world has not to wait, like Rome, for the trees to grow and draw the rain into the river reservoirs; rapid irrigation from subsoil water is a secret of our own discovering.

Well-sinking costs money; money, to-day, can be spared by France only for arms and the totalitarian preparation of war. But what about Libya? the grey turns its head and asks me. A stupid question, I retort, that I quite expected to come from a nice but plodding animal like yourself. Mussolini *has* to colonise Libya. He has talked for four years about Empire as an outlet for surplus population, and then Empire turned out to be only Abyssinia. After all the propaganda he *had* to deliver a minimum of the goods, however much it might cost him. Empire minus Abyssinia equalled Libya, so he set to work there; with superb energy, but he had to. Besides, it's useful for the defence of Libya; and what's more, it is not the Roman colonisation on which the wealth of Proconsular Africa, Tripoli and Cyrene was founded in the past; it is not the blending of civilised ideas with barbaric blood; so kindly turn your head round again, and make as fast as you can for Sidi Bou Zid. The Caid is having a bridge party for me to-night at 8.

It was dark on the sixth day of the journey when we got back to the Caidat. The sun had set in apricot splendour, and the whole place under the hill was so pretty and peaceful as I slipped out of the saddle that I could not but contrast it with the lightning that muscled out of the sky to the north. Peace here; but thunder to the rear. That was the secret. The *mater gentium* had enjoyed a concentric *pax Romana* for two centuries to make this country wealthy; there was war on the periphery, but no organised war within the system; and now the whole of pretended civilisation was divided into fighting groups. How could Tunisia be restored, the olives and the wheat and water well out of the ground again unless there were a central peace to make them pay, a central market to which they could go, and a central corpus of political thought that could convert her natives, now listening in the cafe across the way to the jangled advice of Daventry and PTT Tunis, Bari and Zeesen. Peace alone will colonise this country, I muttered to the grey. Still talking to yourself, said the Caid, framed in the light of his door; the horse looks as fit as when you left. Are you tired? Come in and have a Porto; the doctor's wife is here—one of the prettiest girls you've ever seen in your life. And so to bridge.

G. L. STEER

GASTRONOMIC VENTURE.—II

The so-called Roman or edible snail is a delicacy which is eaten in England only in certain foreign restaurants. The animal is common on many of our southern chalk hills and was once believed to have been introduced by the Roman colonists. Recently, however, the mollusc, which is universally cultivated on the Continent, has been proved by fossil remains to be indigenous. But whatever may be its claim to classic introductions to this country, there is no doubt that the pleasure-loving Roman first undertook its serious cultivation as a *bonne bouche*. Fulvius, regarded as the father of the industry, had a large snail farm at Tarquinium, his stock being graded in enormous runs in the charge of a staff of slaves. It was part of the slaves' duty to head off stragglers from their allotted pens and to drive away birds many of which shared all the human gourmet's enthusiasm for the succulent escargot. The modern French snail farm consists of a number of wire-netting enclosures planted with lettuce and special grass, but just before the "season" certain fattening mixtures are provided. Condensed milk is favoured by modern cultivators though the Romans used a mixture of milk and wine in order to encourage the rotundity demanded by epicures. In certain Continental restaurants the snail waiter is a person of con-

sequence, and may be distinguished by having a snail shell adorning his buttonhole.

Only extensive travel can bring home to one the full import of the saying "One man's meat is another man's poison." Australia, for instance, derives a very large revenue from the sea cucumber or bêche-de-mer, which is actually a relative of the starfish. Bêche-de-mer swarms upon the Barrier Reef, and its fishery and subsequent curing constitutes a vast industry employing thousands of workers. The animal is canned and smoked and imported by hundreds of tons to China, where they form the basis of a nutritive if glutinous dish.

Another delicacy—one commanding an exorbitant price throughout the Orient—is the edible bird's nest. The nests are attached to the face of rocks, and according to natives the birds fly up to heaven to obtain their building material. Almost inaccessible ledges form the favoured nesting sites and the difficulty and danger involved in gathering the nests are responsible for their very high prices. The nests are gathered three times a year, care being taken to collect only just when the building is finished, for if they are taken after the eggs are laid the birds are believed to disappear for ever.

China is indeed the land of strange dishes, one of the most peculiar perhaps being the "vintage" egg. Ancient eggs, regarded as bad form, even at election time, are priced according to the number of years they have been kept, and in a Chinese restaurant, a client may be given an egg-list from which he may carefully choose an egg according to his means much as we might choose a vintage claret.

The term vintage reminds me that I can recommend the epicure to sample a vintage sardine—a commodity obtainable at a few London shops. The fish having lain in oil for five or more years, so long in fact that its bones have passed out of being, acquires a special bouquet that will appeal to the gourmet.

Even the adventurous diner will fight shy of most forms of insect food, but an insect which we have all consumed is the bright red cochineal insect, a creature allied to that garden pest, the greenfly. It is the cochineal insect which yields the scarlet dye used in ornamenting a host of dishes. The winged male is active, but the wingless female is just a bag of skin with a few legs and leads the dullest possible life. When quite a baby the lady cochineal insect attaches herself to a bush that serves her purpose and there remains until she lays her eggs and dies. A cochinealery may consist of a hundred thousand cactus plants kept trimmed to a height of five feet for the convenient gathering of the crop. When ready the insects are brushed into baskets. The value of the insects annually exported to the dinner tables of Great Britain amounts to close on £500,000.

On some of the Central African lakes a minute midge rises from the water in dense clouds. They are caught by the inhabitants who compress them and make them into cakes which are regarded as delicious food. These cakes are specially popular with the female population as they are very fattening and are an aid to the native ladies in acquiring that degree of plumpness which corresponds with the local notion of beauty.

No further afield than North Africa, locusts are relished by both the Arabs and the European residents. The insects, shorn of wings and legs and fried in oil, rival the finest prawns.

The enthusiasm with which northern gourmets hail the oyster each recurring autumn, pales to nothing before the Palado, which is found off the coasts of certain islands in the Pacific. The Palado is neither more nor less than the gaily coloured egg masses of a marine worm, such egg masses floating by their countless millions on the sea surface. They appear at dawn and for two days only in October and November upon the day before and the day after the moon is in its last quarter. Natives and whites together put to sea on such occasions, pulling the catch aboard and then rushing the egg masses to shore since they must be eaten fresh to be properly appreciated. In some of the islands this strange fishery has evidently been observed from remote antiquity since the swarming of the eggs has been incorporated into the native calendar.

Life for the cultured gourmet should be one long gastronomic adventure, yet in our own islands at least, prejudice stands between us and a hundred delicacies. Even quite common foodstuffs are only accepted if presented under fancy names. Dog Fish, Wolf Fish and Angler Fish must be called by the more aristocratic name of Rock Salmon before we will eat them.

Of the two hundred kinds of fish commonly found in home waters about a score find general acceptance. Bass and Weever for example, both amongst the best of sea fish, are almost invariably sent to the Continental markets where they fetch a high price. Again our rock lobster, known abroad as "Langouste," is generally exchanged by West Country fishermen with the French fishermen for common lobster our most popular crustacean, but held inferior to the Langouste on the other side of the Channel. Since the demand does not justify the porterage, our trawlers daily put overboard vast quantities of Fiddler crabs, sea urchins, enormous deep-sea oysters, clams, and a host of edible animals of every description.

To sum up, the delectable qualities of our wild food supply deserves a more general appreciation, whilst to the traveller there is before him a vast field of unexplored country—if only he will venture.

E. G. BOULENGER

PYGMALION

THOSE who saw *Pygmalion* in 1914 when Mrs. Patrick Campbell played Eliza Doolittle and Tree the part of Higgins, will notice where its colours have faded and where they have kept as fresh as ever, while a comparison of this revival at the Haymarket with the extremely successful film of the play points to a fundamental difference between screen and stage.

The part of Eliza was written for Mrs. Campbell. There are passages in it which could only have been written by a dramatist who delighted in the temperament of that great actress as well as in her art; and was set on using, not only her unrivalled grace and elocution, but a strain of Italian peasant in her: she would make, he saw, a perfect flower-girl as well as a perfect lady, while remaining most potently herself. I have been told—or perhaps I read it in Mrs. Campbell's own Memoirs?—that when Mr. Shaw first read the play aloud, she cried out at one point, "You wretch! that's *me*." No other actress could have smoothed so perfectly Eliza's manners, or have flung Higgins's slippers in his face with such spirit. Inevitably, those who remember Mrs. Campbell's acting will find Miss Margaret Rawlings' somewhat tame, though to say that is hardly adverse criticism. No doubt colour has faded from what was the brightest dab of it in her part; the moment when from the lips of an apparently refined Eliza the word "bloody" fell among the tea-cups of a Chelsea drawing-room—a word till then unheard in any theatre. But to-day, the English Rose is capable of coarser expressions than that; and Eliza's comments on her aunt's death, which once only led up to the climax, now actually strike the audience as more amusingly incongruous with her appearance and deportment. True, "bloody" still gets its laugh, but it no longer releases the roar that greets the crash of a taboo.

On the other hand the theme of *Pygmalion* is as fresh as it was: namely, that class-distinctions are uncivilised; that the worst manners spring from class-consciousness, and that from differences in pronunciation and accent. The self-absorption of Higgins's makes his behaviour as inconsiderate as lack of education makes Eliza's, but at least he treats everyone alike. He may be rude, but his rudeness is not discriminating.

Mr. Shaw has always championed Equality and Fraternity, though he has never been sound on Liberty, as the recent development of his views has revealed. Because neither Nature nor Society allows complete freedom to the individual,

he seems to think that the contribution that comparative freedom can make to human happiness is unimportant. His reasoning on Liberty seems on a par with that of those who argue because our press is not free from capitalist control, there is nothing to choose between it and the dictated press of Totalitarian States (I have just come across that argument in Chesterton's *The Resurrection of Rome*), or with the contention that since popular representation is most imperfect, it might as well be scrapped. To-day, the worst enemies of the people are those who shout that Democracy is not democratic enough for them. They are often cryptic Fascists; Mr. Shaw is not one, but he plays their game. However, *Pygmalion* is an old play of his, and in the lamentations of Mr. Doolittle (spouted with great spirit by Mr. George Merritt) on finding that £3,000 a year does not compensate him for the loss of the disreputable freedom he once enjoyed, I detect at least some recognition of a connection between Liberty and happiness.

The difference between the general effect of the play and the film is striking, considering that much more care has been taken to absorb the dialogue intact than is usual in play films. Mr. Shaw, I expect, insisted that his points should not be left out, or his theme ignored. And yet the general effect of the film *Pygmalion* (and that accounts for its immense popularity) is merely that of a wish fulfilment love story of a poor girl who became a lady and married the man who made her one. I hazard the explanation that this enormous difference is due to peculiarity inherent in the art of the cinema itself. On the screen we are much more affected by what we see than what we hear. This would account also for screen-dramas being more restful entertainments than plays. Dialogue which stimulates thought is inevitably swamped by impressions conveyed pictorially. How seldom we remember anything that was *said* in the cinema! DESMOND MCCARTHY

THE ASCENT OF F.6

THE Group Theatre have taken a plunge. By renting the Old Vic during its close season they not only provide us with unexpected pleasure at the one place where we can consistently see good plays and good acting, but they are also, I hope, doing themselves a good turn. There is much to be said for the *théâtre intime* in introducing works of a new kind; and it is always a risk to transplant them from the hothouse. *The Ascent of F.6*, whatever misgivings one may have had about its appeal with a large audience, succeeds brilliantly. There was a full house, and I was astonished to notice how quickly jokes were taken up by the gallery. I do not intend this as any reflection on the gallery—my surprise, I mean—for it is often the most intelligent part of theatre. But the Old Vic is a roomy building; words must get lost up there under the rafters. But everything went tip top: the poetry of F. M. and his companions, the broadcaster's prose, the jingle of the suburban couple always at table—all came over perfectly. I had not seen *The Ascent of F.6* performed before, though of course I had read it, and I was delighted to find how admirably it is suited to the theatre.

The stage at the Old Vic is large enough to divide into two. On the left, we have the scenes in Wastdale, Whitehall, Osnialand; on the right the breakfast parlour of the little couple who listen in. Thus, there is no wasted time of scene-shifting; one set of curtains draws, the other opens. Mr. Rupert Doone has provided a small brightly lit room for the chorus. The rest is done with lights and curtains.

One can never say exactly how a play read will act. If it is a good play it of course gains; and *The Ascent of F.6* gains a great deal. The fine quality of the prose emerges; when Ransom, for example, sitting on the top of the Pillar Rock, looks into the valley below—

> Beyond the Isle of Man, behind the towers of Peel Castle, the sun slides now towards the creasing sea; and it is into a Wastwater utterly in shadow that the scenes now make their unhalting plunge. Along the lake shores lovers pace, each wrapped in a disturbing and estranging vision. In the white house among the pines coffee will be drunk, there will be talk of art at the week-end. Under I cannot tell how many of these green slate roofs, the stupid peasants are making their stupid children.

It is curious that in this play all the poetry should be written in prose and the verse should be jaunty and prosaic. The actors went against this: Ransom and his companions speaking often as though in metre, and the suburban couple sliding over their couplets as conversationally as possible. At times the second of these tricks proved irritating. If only, one felt, the verse had been a little more skilful or the authors had kept to the conversational accents of prose. An acid note introduced into a Wilhemina Stitch was the effect.

The biggest surprise, though, of seeing this play acted is the character of the leader, Ransom. No doubt the authors intended this character as a tribute to T. E. Lawrence, and on the stage he is extraordinarily impressive. Alec Guinness conveyed the ascetic qualities of a modern saint and man of action with superb quiet. Faced at the beginning with his brother (Gyles Isham) and the newspaper peer (Ronald Adam), conversing with the Abbot (played with admirable dignity by Francis James), fighting the jealousies of his companions, he was a dramatic without being a ranting figure. The scenes of the ascent—despite the fact they were carried out on the flat—were remarkably tense and exciting, and the characters of the different climbers struck one as being very true. What was less admirable was the relationship between Ransom and his mother, and the surfeit of boring comment from suburbia.

The mother is the one unfocused point of the play. Several appearances have been cut out from this new version at the Old Vic and the final scene rewritten, so that she does not speak, but only sits, on a Gothic peak in white, like Dickens's mad old bride among the cobwebs. But that last scene is still a failure. The expressionist tricks spoil the simplicity towards which the play has been moving and it would be infinitely better to cut out the scene altogether, substituting for it a single speech or merely the tableau of the climber motionless. All we should miss would be the march past of Ransom's dead men and their criticisms. The mother theme is implicit and would be better left unstressed.

The other fault which emerges in performance is the weakness of much of the satire. The whine of complaints—

> The boarding-house food, the boarding-house faces,
> The rain-spoilt picnics in the windswept places,
> The camera lost and the suspicion,
> The failure in the putting-competition,

go on far too long. The two speakers are not convincing: no more say than the unfortunate Miss Edith Gee of Auden's ballad. Nor are the capitalists—the foreign office and the newspaper peer. When you are out to make propaganda, as Auden and Isherwood are here, against Imperialism it is a mistake to set up guys as adversaries. The little general would never have won Egypt and India, the Foreign Office official would never have brought off a treaty with anyone. They serve to throw into relief the humanity of the mountaineers, but at the expense of the authors' crusade against authority.

But, with all these faults, some of which could be removed (and one would like to see a new production with other ideas than Mr. Doone's), *The Ascent of F.6* is a fine play. It deserves a run at the Old Vic, and to judge from the first night audience it is likely to get it. G. W. STONIER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"After the Dance," at the Criterion

Mr. Rattigan has found a fine, fat theme for a comedy, and wasted it upon a melodrama. He wants to be a serious writer—and apparently does not realise that comedy, as a criticism of life, can be just as serious as tragedy. His subject is the contrast between the Bright no-longer-Young People, survivors from the Twenties, and the Solemn Young People of to-day. Two suicides (one by defenestration, the other by cirrhosis) are dragged in to enliven the drama. Joan has been in love with

her husband, David, for the twelve years of their married life, and —believe it or not—succeeded in concealing the fact. Then, because he talks of marrying a little prig of twenty-two, she kills herself. But really, Mr. Rattigan, if there was one thing that Bright Young People had occasion to learn, it was that love affairs between the uncongenial hardly survived one wet week-end. Joan would have known perfectly well that she had only to play for time. Another fault of the play seems that the whole action is placed too early in the story; if the third act had been the first, we could have been shown this romance being deflated, as a direct result of the differing values accepted by the two generations, and thus the theme could have been properly illuminated. One point of detail; cannot a close season be called for ladies with death in their hearts pretending to be mad with joyous excitement? That Tarantella in *The Doll's House* has had too many pups. The production is rather slow, and the casting not very lucky. Mr. Robert Harris is an uncommonly intelligent actor, and incidentally one of the best speakers of verse in England, but frivolity is not his strong suit, and in this part it was essential to suggest frivolity as well as gloom. And that excellent actress, Miss Catherine Lacey, seemed so irretrievably refined that a "Twenties" party would have driven her to suicide at least twelve years sooner. Miss Ann Firth played the prig—a brilliantly caught character—with skill but a little too vindictively. One could not believe in two men falling for her. The best performance—and the best part—was Mr. Martin Walker's: every gesture and intonation was precisely right. Mr. Rattigan, evidently a born dramatist, seems in danger of falling a victim to his sense of the theatre. In *French Without Tears* he kept his eye, like a painter, on the object; in his new play he has preferred to construct "big scenes." He has something interesting to say, but forgets this in his anxiety to be effective. In fact he sacrifices the end to the means, turns his characters into puppets, and so our interest flags.

Wallpapers, by Edward Bawden and John Aldridge at the Little Gallery

Furnishing Fabrics, by Marion Dorn, and China by Graham Sutherland at Marion Dorn's

Old Wallpapers at Sibyl Colefax's

A visit to an Exhibition, like that of the F.B.I., or to a large shop, always reveals surprising differences in the taste shown in the various applied arts. Thus the patterns are apt to be much better on clothing materials than on furnishing fabrics. Good modern domestic china and wallpapers are peculiarly difficult to discover, so much so that the purchaser is usually obliged to relapse upon reproductions of antique designs. Two exhibitions this week are therefore most welcome. At the Little Gallery, in Ellis Street, just off Sloane Street, there are wallpapers designed by two excellent artists, Mr. Edward Bawden and Mr. John Aldridge, the "Fluted Pillar" of the former (very skilfully printed) and the mauve "Royal Oak" of the latter, are the most remarkable of a very charming collection. Perhaps this show means that the puritanical fashion of bare walls is beginning to be recognised as a bore. In fact, paintings can look very well on a patterned paper, and the designs shown here are varied and imaginative. Marion Dorn, Lancashire Court, behind New Bond Street, is showing the best collection of modern china we have seen. The designs of Mr. Graham Sutherland, whose exhibition at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's last September revealed him as the most completed English painter of the younger generation. He has a very nice sense of whatever medium he is employing, and in his china uses etching brilliantly. The quality of the china to which his designs have been applied is rather hard and inappropriate to such sensitive ornamentation; the designs are enchanting. In George III's reign every big manufacturer would have been competing for the services of so skilful a designer, but the modern potteries seem indifferent to quality, and interested only in quantity. The fabrics of Miss Marion Dorn are among the best now being produced—the "Signs of the Zodiac" and the "Etrurian Head" ought to be exhibited in all provincial museums, as models of energy and elegance. She also designs some ingenious and engaging wallpapers. After visiting these two exhibitions, it is well worth going to 24 Bruton Street, where there is a rich assembly of old wallpapers, mostly French, some of which are available in reproduction. The inventiveness of these old designers is astonishing —yet there are a dozen artists in England who could do just as well, if the manufacturers were not so unenterprising and so grossly out of touch with cultivated taste.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 30th—
Protest Meeting of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection. Speaker: J. Cowper Powys. Caxton Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, July 1st—
League of Arts: "Midsummer Night's Dream," production by Richmond Shakespeare Society, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
Celebration of Thomas Ellwood: episodes from his life, Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield, 3 and 6.30. Particulars from Friends House.
Hampstead Peace Council Social, 67 Eton Avenue, 8.30.

SUNDAY, July 2nd—
S. K. Ratcliffe: "Original Sin," Conway Hall, 11.
London Scots' Self-Government Committee Summer School, River Court, Hammersmith, 2.30. Tickets 1*s.* 6*d.*, from Mrs. Norrie Fraser, 76 Old Church Street, S.W.3.
R. S. W. Pollard: "Are Our Civil Liberties Disappearing?" 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, 3.
Hendon Peace Week Demonstration and Mass Meeting, Hendon Park, 3.

TUESDAY, July 4th—
Mrs. Darcy Braddell: "Commonsense in the Kitchen," Housing Centre Lunch, 1. Non-members 1*s.*
Dr. F. Saxl: "Dürer's 'Melancholy': a Chapter from the History of the Encyclopaedia," Warburg Institute, 5.30.
Philip Ongley: "What Poetry Do We Want To-day?" 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, 8.15.
"Midsummer Night's Dream," Open Air, Regent's Park.

FRIDAY, July 7th—
Twenty-ninth National Peace Congress, Friends House. Till July 9th. Speakers include: Senor S. de Madariaga, Dr. G. P. Gooch, Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Canon Stuart Morris and Rev. Henry Carter. Particulars from Gerald Bailey, 39 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Correspondence

AMERICAN CROSS-SECTION

SIR,—I think Mr. Gedye makes one important mistake in his article, "American Cross-Section." He says that the isolationist feeling in the American Far West and Middle West is "based on a genuine lack of interest and understanding." And he accepts the old-fashioned idea that "the Middle West, turning its back on both Europe and Asia, loses itself introspectively in purely American problems."

All this was true ten years ago; but it is not true to-day. I spend about six months each year travelling and lecturing in the Middle West and the Far West; I can testify that those districts are steadily and passionately interested in the problems of Europe and of Asia and in the problems of what part America should play in world affairs. This interest is so great that those of us who believe that American democracy is endangered by social and economic problems at home have difficulty in recalling the attention of our audiences from a contemplation of the ends of the earth.

Whether this deep interest leads to understanding is of course a matter of opinion. The American Middle West believes that world-peace is a vital interest of the United States. It believes that the American effort toward democracy would be set back for a long time if war came to-morrow. But it does not yet see what part America should play in world affairs in order to promote world peace. Failing to see that, the Middle West believes America had better stay out of world affairs rather than attempt to promote world peace by means of a second world war. And it believes that if the United States were to join a "democratic front" the "democracies" of Europe might very well provoke a world war, not in the interests of peace and democracy but in interest of one set of world-ambitions against another.

I do not say that these beliefs are wise; but I say that they are thoughtful, that they are the result of intense interest and careful attention to the day-by-day story of the world. It is not wise to accept Mr. Gedye's statement that the isolationism of the Middle West is the result of indifference; for this leads to the belief that if the Middle West would only wake up and stop being indifferent it might reach the conclusions that Mr. Gedye would like it to reach. This seems to me improbable.

The Middle West is not badly informed and it is not irresponsible. On the basis of the facts available it has made decisions which Mr. Gedye thinks are wrong. These decisions might be changed

by reason and persuasion. They will not be changed by repetition of the out-moded idea that the Middle West is ignorant and self-satisfied.

HERBERT AGAR

The Courier-Journal,
Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

REFUGEE CO-OPERATION

SIR,—To put refugees in a camp where they are safe from the terrors they have undergone in Germany does not solve the refugee problem, no matter how well organised the camp may be.

The other common way of dealing with refugees is equally unconstructive. No problem is solved by putting them on a small allowance and leaving them to wander forlornly around the streets of London, or by letting female refugees, who are often unsuited for domestic labour, join the ranks of domestic servants to facilitate further the exploitation of these sufficiently exploited people. Perhaps the reason why most of these schemes are not so helpful is that the organisers all think in terms of individualism.

There is, however, in England one refugee centre where the organisers thought in terms of co-operation. They were convinced that it would be possible among the refugees to find many who would be attracted to agriculture by its definite appeal to people who had been for such a long time told that their wickedness came because they could not farm the land and were only hucksters and shopkeepers.

A committee was formed in London which after some initial difficulties, got in touch with the Landwerk Neuendorf, which was one of the Jewish show farms of Germany. A sufficient sum of money was raised through official and non-official channels to take from Magdalen College, Oxford, Tythrop House, Kingsey-near-Thame and about 135 acres of surrounding farmland. The Co-operative Societies were approached and agreed to market and organise the agricultural production at Tythrop. The house which had been uninhabited for many years was put into repair, bathrooms, shower-baths and dormitories were equipped, and early in March of this year about 100 young farmers arrived at Liverpool Street Station late in the evening and were taken to Tythrop House.

Intensive farming was begun immediately under the direction of Professor C. S. Orwin of Balliol College, and marketing organisation was developed under Jeffrey Read, the Manager of the Oxford and District Co-operative Society. The achievements within three months are remarkable. The farm has been stocked with chickens, pigs, horses and cows. The sale of 50 gallons of milk a day may eventually be increased to nearly 200. The agricultural methods have attracted the attention of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire farmers by their novelty and efficacy. The revenue accruing to the Tythrop Co-operative may eventually enable them to break even, and may even pay dividends which will be distributed among the co-operators. At the moment, of course, there is a deficit and no interest is being paid on capital.

A number of the refugee farmers are training others who have had a very small amount of agricultural experience, so that the Co-operative is doing two things: it is producing co-operatively and making money for its members, and at the same time developing a method of training which gives encouragement, because the trainee feels that he is not being exploited during his apprenticeship, but learning and yet earning at the same time.

It is true that the farm flourishes, but it is lamentably small. There is an opportunity to take an adjoining farm of 140 acres and, for this purpose, money is needed. The ordinary gift to charity dries up. It goes into a big hole in the ground and that is the end of it as money, although undoubtedly it does some good: but money given to Tythrop is not only money directly invested on behalf of the refugees, as those who are carrying out this idea charge no fees and draw no expenses for the heavy postage and correspondence; but also it is money directly invested in English land, since it reclaims and helps to bring back to fruitfulness land which may have lain derelict for years.

The boys and men were selected from those of the working class, who had no relatives or connections in England or America, no influence and no money.

The democratic and co-operative nature of this endeavour to help refugees can be shown by the names of the people who assisted in the conception and execution of this idea. The scheme owed its inception in great measure to Miss Stella Adler of the Group Theatre, New York, and George Wallis, J.P., the Chairman of the Oxford and District Co-operative Society.

The future of the refugees at Tythrop is clearer than that of others. Many of them will become practised farmers. The value of the Mansion lease and the farmlands will be theirs. It is no fanciful or romantic picture to see before long a sound and progressive farming community round Tythrop—teaching and learning and mingling with the kind and sturdy folk of the surrounding villages of Buckinghamshire and South Oxfordshire.

Contributions for this Refugee Co-operative Training Farm should be sent to me for The Tythrop House Co-operative Training Farm, 4 Langham Street, Portland Place, London, W.1

HENRY SOLOMON

THE HEALTH OF THE MILITIA

SIR,—In your comments last week you referred to the medical examination of militiamen and raise the question as to the standard used by the Medical Boards. According to the *Times* the Prime Minister, speaking at Cardiff on June 25th, stated, "Over 55,000 men between 20 and 21 were medically examined, and I find that of those, no less than 82.9 per cent. were passed as physically fit and placed in the highest grade. Another 9.3 per cent. were fit except for minor disabilities which were not serious enough to prevent them from being accepted; so that between these two grades we have got 92.2 per cent. of the total number examined who are fit for service to-day. Only 2.7 per cent. have been definitely rejected as unfit." In discussing whether the health and physical fitness of the people has increased in recent years Mr. Chamberlain remarked, ". . . we have at last got some figures upon which we can rely."

When an attempt is made to test the value of these results we find, unfortunately, that little light has been shed on the standard of fitness adopted by the Medical Boards beyond the Prime Minister's reference to "fit for service." In the absence of further data I think that we may rightly assume from this that the standard is roughly comparable to the examinations for the Regular Army. But supposing we do attempt to equate the two indices, how is it humanly or statistically possible to reconcile the results of the Militia examinations with:—

(*a*) A rejection rate of over 60 per cent. for the Regular Army (of the last 1,000,000 men to apply for enlistment approximately 650,000 have been rejected. A more detailed analysis of the position is given in my books *Poverty and Population* and *Our Food Problem*).

(*b*) A rejection rate of 35.7 per cent. for the R.A.F.

(*c*) Of the men between the ages of 18 and 45 applying for training at Ministry of Labour Instructional Centres in 1938, 22 per cent. were rejected on medical grounds.

(*d*) Up to June 19th (49,586 examined) the percentage of Grade I men was highest in the North and Scotland and lowest in London and the South-West. This constitutes a complete reversal of the regional rejection rates for the Regular Army and fails to correspond with either the trend of mortality statistics (for the age group 18-25) or regional indices of economic welfare.

One further point. If we accept as reliable the percentage of 92.2 and then add to it the number (approximately 50,000) between the ages of 20 and 21 already serving in the Forces, a figure is arrived at of something approaching the popular 99 per cent. If, further, the facts and the reasoning are valid, then surely the conclusion refutes both Sir John Orr's and Sir William Crawford's estimates of the number of people in this country who are existing on a diet deficient in every essential respect.

I may add that cases have already been brought to my notice of youths who have been rejected for the Regular Army on medical and physical grounds but who have now been passed as "fit for service" for the Militia. The lapse of time between the examinations was insignificant.

In the likely event of a considerable number of Militiamen electing to adopt one of the Defence Forces as a career I should be interested to know whether the Government are prepared to transfer them without further medical examination.

82 St. George's Road, S.W.1. RICHARD M. TITMUSS

FEDERATION

SIR,—In my letter I suggested that we must recognise that the two first steps towards building up a World Peace Union must be (*a*) An Anglo-Franco-Soviet alliance, and (*b*) The replacement of the Chamberlain Government by a Government of the Left, which to-day, since the Popular Front idea is not practical politics, means a Labour Government.

Mr. D. F. Goodson says that there is no time for such a "leisurely course of procedure," and that an attempt to secure the co-operation of the U.S.A. with the Peace Union is a "round-

about approach " to that country. We ought, he says, to realise the necessity for " prompt action " and that " a Peace or Federal Union of the Democracies must be the first step."

I would ask Mr. Goodson and those who think like him whether or not they believe it is literally a vital necessity that the present negotiations for a Soviet alliance should succeed and not fail?

Is it or is it not true that if they fail Great Britain and France will be reduced to a state of impotence and the small European democracies to a state of panic, while the initiative in international affairs will pass once more into the hands of the Fascist Axis and be used by Hitler to face us with the choice " Surrender all I choose to demand and do nothing to offend me, or face instant war against suicidal odds "?

If this is true, a Federal Union of Democracies in such a situation is an idle dream.

If we do conclude a Soviet alliance, we may get a respite and recapture the diplomatic initiative. Then it would be materially possible to begin building up a World Peace Union. For, as Professor Laski said on his recent return from a year in the U.S.A., " the road to Washington lies through Moscow." But who is to do the job, and how?

Does anyone imagine that the National Government, whether or not Mr. Chamberlain continues to adorn it, would ever seriously attempt such a foreign policy? If so I can only reply that (*a*) the National Government's foreign policy has see-sawed between pro-Fascist " appeasement " and pro-Imperialist " resistance " ever since 1931 and has remained substantially the same under three Prime Ministers, four Foreign Secretaries and innumerable Cabinet re-shuffles. (*b*) Their foreign, like their home and Imperial, policy is rooted in the class-necessities of the plutocracy and will never change until the National Government is replaced by a Government capable of putting the interests of the common people first. (*c*) This means, as things are, a Labour Government.

So much for *who* is to do the job. Now as to *how* it is to be done. Do Mr. Goodson and the supporters of " Federal Union " believe that, although we can no longer hold our own without a Soviet alliance we can build up a " Federal Union " on a basis that excludes the U.S.S.R.? If so, do Mr. Goodson and the advocates of a " Federal Union of Democracies " imagine for a moment that either the Soviet Union, our indispensable ally, or Labour, the only political force capable of making a reality of this project, would countenance any such scheme?

39 Albany Street, N.W.1. K. ZILLIACUS

SIR,—I cannot see that agreement with Professor Hogben's plea for a realistic view of what is involved in supporting the *status quo* in its imperialist aspects, and a belief that " Union Now," in this context, is a red herring, land me in any contradiction. Even if it be true that Mr. Streit and Professor Hogben are going the same way, the fact that Professor Hogben stops a good deal short of Mr. Streit's " Inn at the End of the World " and that I stop with him does not involve me in denying the truth of those parts of Mr. Streit's doctrines which overlap Professor's Hogben's. My specific point was that some of the worst features of modern imperialism were perpetuated in the Union of South Africa and that Mr. Streit, by admitting that state as one of the original members, implicitly asserts that South Africa and Britain are democratic states of the same type. This, if true, is deplorable and deprives the term democracy of most of its moral meaning. I do not wish to take up your space with illustrations of the dilemma with which persons who, like myself, dislike dogmatically racialist states would be faced under Mr. Streit's scheme. Every citizen of the proposed union, before voting, is to take an oath to support the new constitution " against all enemies, foreign and domestic " (*Union Now*, p. 328) and the constitution guarantees to each constituent state protection against " invasion; and on application to the state legislature or executive the Union shall protect each state against domestic violence " (*ibid*, p. 329).

It is not a question of what Mr. Streit thinks South Africa may do under the emollient effect of union, but what, by his own draft constitution, citizens of the union other than the ruling oligarchy in South Africa may find themselves forced to do to keep that oligarchy in the saddle, until they have suffered a change of heart. I do not assert that, even with this heavy charge on its moral assets, Mr. Streit's union would not be well worth trying, but I should like its supporters to look this problem in the face and, until a solution has been provided, lay less stress on the moral beauty of the scheme. S. W. BROGAN

L.C.C. FLATS

SIR,—No one would wish to belittle the efforts of private enterprise and philanthropy to provide better housing in London; but surely the housing operations of public bodies deserve more attention and respect than Critic's cursory remark that " one can now find good modern blocks of flats in many parts of London, some of them built by the L.C.C."

The L.C.C. to-day owns more than 90,000 cottages and flats and since 1934 has erected 18,396 flats in London—a figure which makes the operations of any other body appear insignificant. But perhaps Critic knows these figures and considers that only a few can be described as " good modern blocks," or perhaps he thinks that what is mass-produced must necessarily be unimaginative and bad. In fact, the L.C.C. has made enormous strides since the first Labour majority came into power in 1934. Private enterprise has produced nothing that can compare either in scale or in comfort or appearance with the better type flats at the King's Mead Estate, Hackney, the White City and Tulse Hill, where fitted kitchens with stainless steel sinks, sliding doors between kitchen and living-room, private balconies and large steel-framed windows are some of the more striking features.

Less expensive blocks are scarcely less attractive in appearance. It may be true that mass-production involves some uniformity, but I would defy Critic to find a single block built by the L.C.C. since 1934 that has not an air of dignity and architectural self-respect. The same thing unfortunately cannot be said, as Critic knows, of many blocks built during the same period by private enterprise for middle-class occupation. The lay-out of blocks is scientifically planned to provide sunlight and air, gardens and playgrounds and a minimum of noise. On all estates where there are over 200 flats, and on some where there are less, children's playgrounds are provided equipped with swings and see-saws and other attractions for small children.

There is nothing dull about the housing operations of the L.C.C., unless it is that large-scale operations dull the imagination of those who believe that good things can only be produced on a small scale. MONICA FELTON

The County Hall, S.E.1.

[Critic happened to be discussing certain blocks of flats raised by voluntary societies and made a passing but appreciative reference to some of the L.C.C.s' admirable flats. Why do some people regard a bouquet handed to a friend as the equivalent of a brickbat thrown at them?—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

" THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE "

SIR,—As this question of " The Englishman's Castle " which has been debated in the last three issues of your Journal is so important, may I submit for your consideration yet one more point of view? I share with Mr. Osborne his " horror " at the suggestion that Kensal House should be held up to Local Authorities as a model for their future guidance. Surely this building is just one more " birth control barracks," one more coffin for the unborn, albeit, of course, a smart " modernist " coffin with glass sides and chromium-plated fittings! I agree also with Dr. Harry Roberts, when he says that " it really is not practical politics to urge as an immediate measure of relief the housing of a poor man with a job in London, with sons and daughters also with jobs in London, at an economic rent in a cottage and garden 20 or 30 miles away."

But there is an alternative to piling the people on top of one another and planting them out like cabbages on the countryside, and that is to accommodate them in well-built terraces of houses at high densities.

I feel entitled to offer an opinion upon this subject because I belong to an organisation which has made a particular study of it during the last five years. Not only have we indisputable proof that terrace houses would be more acceptable to the slum-dwellers themselves than are the various kinds of dwelling now being offered them by housing " experts " of various persuasions, but our researches show that such a solution is practicable even in areas where land is very expensive. Some of your readers may not know, but it is nevertheless a fact, that at 50 to the acre, that is to say at the same density as are the tenements in Kensal House, it is possible to plan a self-contained cottage with its own separate front door on street level, and with the following accommodation, which, I believe, is that recommended by Sir Raymond Unwin when he was Chief Architect at the Ministry of Health, namely: sitting room 180 sq. ft., 1st bedroom 150 sq. ft., 2nd bedroom 120 sq. ft., 3rd bedroom 80 sq. ft. In addition, this particular

house has a kitchen-dining room of 120 sq. ft., separate w.c., a capacious bathroom and a small wash-house. The private recreational space in association with the house comprises a back garden, small, it is true, but valuable nevertheless, two large balconies and a roof garden of 145 sq. ft. The occupants of the houses would, of course, also have the use of the street itself, not only as a playground for the children, but as an open air club. It is merely a question of so planning the residential area that the greater part of the vehicular traffic may be excluded. I may mention also that the amount of sunlight provided in all the rooms is considerably more generous than the minimum prescribed for urban residential areas by the Royal Institute of British Architects in the memorandum published in the Journal of that body in November, 1937. This is but one of many types of high density cottage houses, suitable for all aspects, the plans of which are available for inspection by anybody who is interested in them.

These facts appear to point to the conclusion that there is to-day no excuse for building blocks of flats for family occupation *anywhere*, either for the working classes or for the middle classes. Why, we are entitled to ask, are people required to put up with this inconvenience? The reason is that there have been placed upon the statute book regulations which prescribe that even on urban sites it is not permissible to lay out self-contained houses at a greater density than 12 to the acre. The major responsibility for the tenements, therefore, rests not with the architects commissioned to plan them, but with the functionaries who have vetoed the only practical alternative. A. TRYSTEN EDWARDS

The Hundred New Towns Association,
First Avenue House,
High Holborn, W.C.1.

GLYNDEBOURNE

SIR,—In his article of June 17th on opera, Mr. W. J. Turner says that Mr. Christie has informed him that "not a single Englishman has come to Glyndebourne to study under Ebert."

To the best of my belief I am an Englishman, and I have been at Glyndebourne studying production under Professor Ebert intermittently since May 14th.

I can only assume that Mr. Turner has misunderstood Mr. Christie; or, that Mr. Christie made his reported statement before May 14th. GEOFFREY SHARP

Lewes, Sussex.

CLINICS

SIR,—In your recent comprehensive note on the Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Abortion you very properly say that:—

> There are some 90,000 women in Britain who are every year driven to resort to criminal abortion. No criminal law will prevent ignorant and unfortunate women doing irreparable damage to themselves. The only alternative to dangerous and horrible "gutter methods" is to spread scientific knowledge through recognised and properly equipped clinics.

Since 1930 the Ministry of Health, as no doubt your readers are aware, has issued four memoranda on the subject of the provision by Local Authorities of advice on birth control to married women on grounds of health. What perhaps your readers realise less fully is the way in which Local Authorities have responded to these memoranda. Out of a total of 409 competent Authorities in England and Wales less than half at present take any effective action, such as setting up special clinics, holding special sessions at their Maternity and Child Welfare Clinics, referring cases to voluntary, municipal or hospital clinics or private doctors, etc. In Scotland only six Local Authorities make any provision at all.

The results achieved at such municipal and county clinics vary very greatly. One County Council in one year found 392 suitable cases for advice, another found 5. One Metropolitan Borough has advised about 190 women in a year, one 12, another 0. These figures surely speak for themselves of the discrepancy in outlook of those concerned. No wonder that the Report of the Abortion Committee speaks of the available facilities "as being seriously inadequate to satisfy the need."

The National Birth Control Association, which owing to the widening scope of its work has recently changed its name to the Family Planning Association, has done much work with Local Authorities. In addition, it has 65 branches which run 66 voluntary clinics to supplement the work of Local Authorities and to meet the needs of those districts where the Local Authorities cannot or will not help.

May I urgently ask support for this Association, both in goodwill and finance, from all those who recognise the importance of giving scientific information to poorer married women who, for various reasons, are unable to afford themselves the facilities of their better-off neighbours, and who are so often driven by bodily and mental ill-health to "dangerous and horrible 'gutter-methods.'"

Family Planning Association, MARGARET PYKE,
69 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Honorary Secretary.

EUROPEAN JUNGLE

SIR,—It seems extraordinary that Major Yeats-Brown doesn't see *one* point. If we accept that it's right for Hitler to drive out all or any people of Jewish descent for the fault of some Jews, then a demagogue may arise here and argue that it's right to expel all people of Irish descent from England for the fault of some Irishmen. I have heard this very argument and analogy put forward quite seriously in discussion of the recent I.R.A. outrages.

And if Irishmen, why not Scots or Welsh? Or why not send all the Plymouth Brethren back to Plymouth? Or the Roman Catholics to Rome?

The principle of collective responsibility is characteristic of a primitive stage of civilisation. To go back to it is to go *back*. Anyone with any knowledge of history or of law knows that without ever setting foot in Germany or any part of the European jungle.

10 Honywood Road, E. Y. ANGUS
Colchester.

BASQUE BOYS

SIR,—May I appeal to readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for practical support in the following matter?

In London to-day we still have 34 Basque lads (ages 16-18) who through loss of parents and for political reasons will not be able to return to Spain. They have three special needs at the moment beyond food and shelter, which is undertaken by the Basque Committee:

(*a*) CLOTHING: suits, underclothes, footwear (men's sizes).
(*b*) HOLIDAYS: a week or more open-air life in the country with congenial companions.
(*c*) ENGLISH TEACHERS: London friends to give an evening a week for teaching English while classes are closed.

At a time when many adult refugees are receiving help at our hands those of us who have interested ourselves in the child refugee problem feel that these boys, who will reach manhood in a foreign country and without parents, have a special call on our imaginative understanding and practical goodwill. Communications should be addressed to me at 52 Queensway, W.2.

Friends of the Child Refugee, ELLEN M. DIGHTON
Advisory Committee,
52 Queensway, W.2.

CLIFFORD ALLEN

SIR,—Friends of the late Lord Allen of Hurtwood are anxious to collect material—including personal letters—with a view to the possible publication of a memoir. May I use the hospitality of your columns to ask any who possess letters from Lord Allen that may be of interest, or who can contribute their own recollections of any incidents of his life or public work to communicate with me at The Malt House, South Stoke, Nr. Goring-on-Thames.

All original documents will be carefully copied and returned.

Ruskin College, Oxford. A. BARRATT BROWN

CHRISTOPHER HASSALL

SIR,—I hoped that you would in your columns congratulate the Committee of the Hawthornden Prize on having given it to Mr. Christopher Hassall. I had the pleasure and the privilege of singing Mr. Hassall's *beautiful* lyrics in the chorus of "Glamorous Nights" and I feel that I am better qualified to appreciate them than most people. JOHN POCKLINGTON HAY

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FOR the person who has made hundreds, there is a certain pleasure in making a good "howler" and completely giving away one's own ignorance. For the first moment, when the mistake is pointed out, one feels that curious prickling of the skin which is half shame and half irritation, and which is exactly described by the word "nettled." And immediately the memory of a lifetime of such "howlers" comes back and one feels shamelessly amused. The howler I made on this page a fortnight ago and which was exposed by scores of indignant letters (the kindest of which was selected and printed last week) was a most disgraceful one. For I attributed to Joseph Barber Lightfoot, the Cambridge Biblical critic and Bishop of Durham 1879–1889, the statement about the date of the end of the world made by John Lightfoot, the Cambridge Biblical critic who lived 1602–1675. I ought to feel anguish as well as shame as I apologise to the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but I can't help being amused at having put my foot in it so thoroughly. *The Concise Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford 21s.) might have saved me from libelling a bishop. A new edition has just been published which brings it up to 1930. This is an extraordinarily valuable reference book for those who don't possess the complete D.N.B. It is an epitome of the entire work, or rather two epitomes, for those who died between 1901 and 1930 are dealt with in a separate section.

* * *

It is cheering for the blunderer to discover that the D.N.B. is not infallible. In a paper read to The Royal Society of Literature on June 1st of last year, Professor Leslie Hotson exposed how a phantom author has got into the D.N.B. The entry in question, in this epitome, reads :

> CUTWODE, THOMAS (*fl.* 1599), poet; published *Caltha Poetarum : or the Bumble Bee*, a satire on contemporary poets, which the Archbishop of Canterbury condemned to the flames 1599.

Professor Hotson was struck by the un-English name. On the title page of the book he found Cutwode called himself an Esquire, which deepened his suspicions since he had never come across any armigerous Cutwodes among the thousands of Elizabethan names which have come under his notice in the last fifteen years. The poem mentioned Lincoln, and refers slightingly to the Earl of Lincoln of that day :

> Thy Earldome (Nycol) then did beare great sway,
> But Earldoms, Earles, and Counties now decay.

The Earl of Lincoln was then engaged in a bitter feud with his nephew, the Queen's Champion, Sir Edward Dymoke, whose brother Tailboys Dymoke produced a May-games play and a mock sermon, baiting his uncle. Tailboys is French for our author Cutwode. Professor Hotson discovered also that Tailboys Dymoke had written another poem entitled *Faunus his Four poetical Furies* at the expense of his uncle, who made it the subject of a libel action. He has also found that at the time in question Samuel Daniel lived in Sir Edward Dymoke's house, and that many of the allusions in *The Marigold of the Poets* (as *Caltha Poetarum* may be translated) are to Daniel. Tailboys himself bore a striking likeness to Mercutio.

* * *

Samuel Daniel is said to have been our first Poet Laureate ; the comments of the *Concise Dictionary of National Biography* on a later one could not be improved upon.

> AUSTIN, ALFRED. Poet Laureate . . . at his best in prose.

On the other hand I was rather shocked to be told that Wilfrid Scawen Blunt "will be remembered mainly for his poetry." The publication of *My Diaries*, which is a book of first-class political and historical importance, is not mentioned. I suspect that an ideological bias in the biographer led him to undervalue its importance. It is pretty certain that Blunt will be read as a diarist rather than as a poet. Sometimes the form in which one is given information is misleading. Thus we are told that Sir Leslie Stephen's second wife was Julia Prinsep, from which many people would suppose Prinsep to have been her maiden name. Actually Julia Prinsep was a Miss Jackson. There are various discrepancies. We are told when Henry James and Joseph Conrad became naturalised but not that W. H. Hudson ever became a British subject. Mr. Morley Roberts signed his naturalisation papers in 1900, so that Hudson was legally an Argentine until his sixtieth year. Maxwell Lefroy, the famous economic entomologist, is a bad omission : Stephen Reynolds, author of *A Poor Man's House*, is worth a mention. Dr. Crippen, who certainly impressed himself upon the popular imagination, gets no place in this century, though John Thurtell and many other murderers appear in the main body of the work.

* * *

One series of omissions is so striking that it can hardly be due to chance, but to a bias which if logically followed would exclude the name of Guy Fawkes himself. None of those who died for their share in the Irish Easter Rebellion find a place. Yet James Connolly, MacBride, and Pearse are certainly as historically important as Nurse Cavell. Neither the innocent Sheehy-Skeffington, shot for no reason at all, nor Terence MacSwiney, the Mayor of Cork who died after a hunger-strike of seventy-eight days, nor Cathal Brugha, the irreconcilable opponent of the Treaty, is mentioned. The D.N.B. never seems to have adopted a clear policy with regard to the Irish, and may be regarded either as a monument of English injustice, because it leaves out so many, or of English generosity because it puts in any of them. The practice appears to be to put in as few Irish national heroes as possible. Such figures as King Arthur, Merlin, Hengist and Horsa go in as a matter of course. Cuchullin, Maeve and Finn MacCool are left out, and their omission is rendered illogical by the inclusion of a host of Irish saints and bishops. Since the D.N.B. includes thousands of distinguished Irishmen, it should include them all. It is really idiotic to make ideological discriminations against James Connolly and Patrick Pearse. From their deaths, in Yeats's words "A terrible beauty was born," which brought years of guerilla and civil warfare, and the separation of England and Ireland.

* * *

Among the pioneers of flying Mr. S. F. Cody, who designed "The British Army Aeroplane," distinguished by its immense number of supplementary surfaces, deserves mention as he became a naturalised Englishman. If one goes back farther one finds a more serious omission : there is no mention of Sir George Cayley (1773-1857), perhaps the most important of the early experimenters with model flying machines. The absence of Cayley leads to the discovery of what is the most serious deficiency in the D.N.B. and which ought to have been corrected in its epitomes. It is that those figures who died before 1900, but whose importance has only become apparent in recent years, have got left out altogether. Inventors like Cayley, whose work has only become interesting owing to developments made long after their deaths, writers whose work has only recently come to light, are not mentioned at all and until the D.N.B. is rewritten and repaginated there seems to be no chance of their ever being put in. Another example is Friese-Greene, whose invention of the principle of the cinematograph was celebrated a few days ago. Writers fare as badly as inventors. Thus Parson Woodforde has no mention, neither has John Byng, fifth Lord Torrington, the diarist. But the most striking of these omissions is that of Gerard Manley Hopkins, whose poems were kept from his death in 1889 by Robert Bridges, who published them only in 1919. Bridges, to my mind an inferior poet, though naturally enough the first to show the influence of Hopkins, secures 30 lines in the epitome, or ten more than fall to the share of William Blake. The D.N.B. in its various forms is so valuable that these blemishes ought to be removed even if it means cutting down some entries to get new ones in. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Conquest of Life. By RENÉ BÉHAINE. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Little Tin God. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Barny and Sally. By ALFRED ROWBERRY WILLIAMS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Restoration Comedy. By ANTHONY GIBBS. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

The Abbot's Heel. By NEIL BELL. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

We each want a different kind of novel to take our minds off the unparalleled horrors of the day, and here are at least four. Number one is for those who want something first-class, and a shade demanding and cold. Two—which will probably be the most popular—is for those who want tip-topical readability. Three is for those who want something good but well-behaved, with just a little gauze in front of the lens. Four and five are for those who are too harassed to want anything but a real rest.

The Conquest of Life is a combination of M. Béhaine's vast saga, *The History of a Society*. *The Survivors*, which was our introduction to it, analysed the disintegration of the French aristocratic tradition, and we now come, at the Dreyfus period, to a more personal and individual phase; the love-affair between the descending noble, Catherine de Laignes, and the ascending, or rather, rebelling *bourgeois*, Michel Varambaud. He is some ten years her junior, and not yet twenty. Although, as I said of *The Survivors*, the author by no means possesses the literary stature accorded him by the late Mr. Ford Madox Ford, he is an artist of the first international quality. Cool, patient, and piercing, he is a master at disclosing those psychological bars and social chains which form "obstacles so slight as to seem imponderable, that yet were indestructible and, for all their human origin, as substantial as the work of destiny itself." M. Béhaine lacks the universality of Flaubert, and the stamina of Proust, but he can be compared. Catherine's mother has decided that the marriage is unsuitable, and as it was still an epoch when unmarried girls had to explain their every letter and movement, communication becomes of a grotesque difficulty. To thwart is to distort, and they themselves proceed to make their relationship doubly difficult by an endless ebb and flow of mutual trust and distrust. Michel, knowing her weaknesses, and fearing that she will give way to a "good" marriage, writes a novel, "The Conquest of Life": he reproduces their own predicament, and lets her read it. Exigent, passionate, "advanced," he struggles like a demon against the hypocrisy and blockishness of society, the effect of which on Catherine he so dreads, and this particular volume leaves them with their problem unresolved.

The author's chief fault is that he is occasionally almost too sober, too judicious. A novel within a novel is taxing enough, but there are some pages where one scarcely knows which novel one is reading, and there are others which exactly resemble an author's preliminary notes. Also, M. Béhaine can be prim, crotchety, and reactionary. Just at the moment, however, when one is beginning to find him lifeless, he will introduce a superb description of Michel's bustling mother, say, simultaneously washing herself and rehearsing his sister's lessons. It is all accompanied by a feverish household uproar; rattling doors; clicking drawers; servants calling from below; draughts; fuss:

> "Ready Cécile?" Cécile, who had just sat down at her table, replied in the affirmative. And at once, clad in a black petticoat, her yellowish flannel wrapper flung back from her shoulders to reveal a linen chemise, and all one side of her face covered with soapy lather, Madame Varambaud would . . . make for the mantelpiece, on one corner of which rested an open book; peering at it she would begin:
> "Dictation . . . Heading: A proof of the existence of God."

The prose is cumulative, and this fragment gives little idea of the accuracy, objectivity, and beautiful seriousness of the whole. What is wrong (one asks oneself as one closes this admirably translated book) with the eyesight of the majority of contemporary English novelists? M. Béhaine sees with exceptional efficiency, no doubt, but then most French novelists see what they look at. The English look at a teapot, for example, and they see their dear old nurse, or their school, or their overdraft, or themselves—anything but the teapot. One might say that to see is only the beginning: not to see, however, is already the end. This new English lack of objectivity inevitably breeds lack of seriousness. Without seriousness it is not only impossible to form correct intellectual judgments, but it becomes impossible, eventually, to *feel* correctly, to entertain the emotions proper to a good novelist at the proper times. When, therefore, the average English novelist tries to create character, his creations are not only boring, but inhuman. They are not even mad. They are not there.

I by no means wish to involve Mr. Tilsley in the foregoing tirade, but even in such a thoroughly honest, spontaneous and talented book as his, one finds that strange conventionality of observation. Here, found at random, is a paragraph about a luncheon:

> The remains of it were still before him on the white, still spotless cloth. Three sticks of celery, sparkling in the clear water; the tall, handsome glasses the lager beer had been drunk out of; the fine cruet; the bowl of flowers; the glass mirrors along the wall . . .

The author will hardly believe me, but I venture to suggest that if he had been more zealous and careful to *see*—the table he describes is not *seen* at all—in this, and many similar passages, he would probably not have committed the novel's one mistake, which is an exaggeration of character in the hero.

Little Tin God has a very ingenious theme. Carl Cramm, a young English Socialist who works in a London bank, is of one-eighth German descent. He marries Jean, a charming young woman who is cleverer and fundamentally nicer and more civilised than he is, and who shares his opinions. An overbearing Jewish superior at the bank, plus Hitler's bamboozling of the democracies, undermines Carl's intellectual and moral convictions, and he becomes a Nazi agent. The wife is browbeaten into submission, though not acquiescence, and the story ends sadly. The only flaw, I repeat, is the slightly over-emphatic brutalisation of Carl, who becomes a bit too much of a huge, storming, flaxen Nordic, especially in his physical outbursts against Jean and his son, Tony, a figure drawn with considerable brilliance. The book also contains the best sketch of an English totalitarian propagandist I have read. The September disasters are used with great adroitness for the background, and the whole makes an exciting, credible and creditable novel. Until near the close, moreover, it presents an exact portrait of how and why certain nice, healthy, and not too successful blackcoated workers go Fascist. First, the vague

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sense of being done down; second, the shouting; third, the dead face, and partial moral paralysis; fourth, active villainy.

Barny and Sally is an extremely pleasant, and meticulously built, novel about the English countryside—near Malvern?—from the first Victorian jubilee until just after the war. Barny is the bastard of a farmer; he grows up as carter and ploughman, a lover of horses, and is lucky enough to acquire the freehold of Black Cottage, and a few fertile acres, by dint of moving in, repairing it, and remaining. He is given a foal, Sally, by the farmer for whom he does odd jobs, and spends his time in incessant labour on his own property, selling the produce to local people. The nearby town expands; rates are instituted; sanitary inspectors arrive, and speculators who wish to buy him out. Through his disgruntled, obstinate eyes one sees the panorama of a countryside transformed within one generation. His children and wife die, and then Sally is killed by one of his favourite enemies, the motor car—a blow from which he does not recover. Mr. Williams' book is very knowledgeable in detail, and obviously written with much personal tenderness. Barny is a crusty creature, and vigorously conservative, but his conservatism is of the only bearable kind, that of the land.

Mr. Gibbs' novel is about a kind of Gary Cooper chasing a Ruritanian Princess through a Paris which smells of "patchouli." (Of all words exclusively used by male authors, this is almost my favourite.) The results are so dream-crazy and cheerful that even the misprints play their part:

"You have some beautiful girls here this evening?"
"Quite ravishing, Your Highness."
"They are naked?"
"Undoubtedly, Highness."
"Good. We will have some champagne and some randy."

The Abbot's Heel is a thunderous but documented romance about fourteenth-century England: the hero embodies its social-historical interest in his championship, against Church and Lord, of the emerging Middle Class. Prospective readers should brace themselves, nevertheless, for one thing. Mr. Bell becomes a little goggle-eyed and flushed at some of his own descriptions of torture.

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WHO'S WHO IN ASIA

Inside Asia. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Gunther, having achieved a very great success with his *Inside Europe*, set out two years ago to collect material for *Inside Asia* and travelled extensively in the East. But Asia is much larger than Europe, its races far more diverse, its civilisations, religions and history infinitely more variegated. The problems of Europe are fundamentally the same from country to country; we all have a similar medieval background, Greek and Roman thought have coloured our political concepts, modern industrial civilisation has given rise to basically similar problems from the Atlantic to the Urals, whether we are democratic Imperialist "Haves" or Fascist striving-to-be-Imperialist "Have-nots."

How could anyone, without years of study and travel, give us even a bird's-eye view of peoples with such totally different religions and social concepts, history, values and racial characteristics as the Japanese, the Chinese, the peoples of India, and the Arabs—not to mention the minor nationalities, an account of whom Mr. Gunther seeks to compress within the limits of a 620-page book? Moreover, since he also tries to provide a kind of glorified Who's Who, much space is taken by trivial but interesting details about personalities.

A thread could have been found on which to hang the many-coloured and diverse shaped stones of Asia, if the author had had more concern with economic problems and a less superficial view of social ones. There are clear traces of the same pattern of social relationships in all the great agricultural civilisations of the East, but they are not indicated in this book. When the author tells us that "the social struggle that stimulates, provokes and undermines so much of Europe is largely absent from Asia," he fails to point out that the social struggle is present but is necessarily different in form and content before the industrialisation of a country, and in lands where the struggle for independence against imperialist domination occupies the forefront of the stage.

Nevertheless, to say that Mr. Gunther has attempted the impossible is not to say that he has not accomplished a great deal. A tribute must be paid to him for the immense amount of energy he has clearly expended on this book, the large amount of reading he has done, and the success with which he has accomplished his aim of "giving some colour and spice of detail" to the bare bones of politics. His book will be read and enjoyed by many people who would otherwise be totally unaware of the problems and peoples of Asia.

Whereas the chapters on China are not nearly so good as Mr. Mowrer's sketch in the Penguin series, and whereas Mr. Gunther's account of Japan is superficial and sometimes inaccurate as well as misleading, his chapters on India are alive and penetrating. The section on the Arab world contains information not easily available elsewhere. He may exaggerate Hitler's popularity amongst the Arabs, but no one has previously informed us that in Palestine to-day the equivalent for "Oh, yeah" is "Taky Inglesi: 'You trust the British.'" One cannot omit mention of his account of Ibn Saud of Arabia, who has married one hundred and twenty wives but observes the laws of the Prophet and so never has more than four at one time. "Marriage with Ibn Saud is an instrument for the unification of Arabia." He said recently: "In my youth and manhood I made a nation. Now in my declining years I make men for its population."

In the chapters on India we find not only brilliant character sketches, but also a fair and well-studied presentation of both the Indian Nationalist and the British Imperialist point of view. Here the author was less hampered than in China and Japan by the language difficulty and the lack of published material on which to base his analysis and his estimates of leading personalities.

The sketches of Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru are extremely good. The latter emerges as one of the most attractive and honest public figures of our age; the former as a man perhaps deserving the adjective "slippery." Gandhi, "that complicated man," whose behaviour is so inconsistent that he could support Britain in the World War and yet gain world-wide veneration as the apostle of non-violence; Gandhi who "is willing that even his family should suffer provided that his conscience is square with the Almighty," and who can call off a nation-wide campaign against Britain for some trivial reason and yet retain the confidence of the Indian people. Gandhi, whose civil disobedience campaign resulted in a compromise with the British, and whom the British now regard as "their best friend in India" in contrast to Nehru, of whom they are mortally afraid. Gandhi emerges from these

pages as a little like Tolstoy, and the only point of sympathy I can find with this mystical masochist is the fact that he reads in his bath.

Nehru, in striking contrast, does not enjoy suffering or prison, although he has spent much longer periods in jail; and, again in contrast to Gandhi, Nehru is all out for Westernisation, detests ritualism and mysticism, and has professed himself as "being filled with horror at the spectacle of what is called religion in India and elsewhere."

It is as well that an American writer should remind us of what a large profit Britain gets out of the exploitation of the Indian people and upon the support of which social elements our rule in India rests. It is good that while we are so busy posing as virtuous democrats, Mr. Gunther should tell us that in India anyone can be arrested and detained without trial, and without the police having to prove the commission of any offence.

> I have heard a very high British official—so high that I shudder to think of his name—say that in the event of a renewal of civil disobedience, every Congress leader, and sub-leader, and sub-sub-leader, would be in jail in twenty-four hours. Every man is spotted. It is our only hope.

Although Mr. Gunther gives the British credit for all they can be given credit for, and demonstrates our political genius, Conservatives, who will praise his orthodox account of Japan, will no doubt consider that his views on India are "biased."

FREDA UTLEY

COOK GENERAL

One Pair of Hands. By MONICA DICKENS. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The jacket and foreword to this book are rather against it; after all, who cares whether Miss Dickens is related to the great novelist, or what Sir Henry Dickens said to Mr. Compton Mackenzie in 1902? He said, in point of fact: "It will interest you to know that the desk I am using at this moment was (*sic*) the desk at which my father wrote many of his novels." Mr. Mackenzie was no doubt thrilled, but how can it affect one's approach to *One Pair of Hands*? Speaking generally, forewords should be written by the author or not at all.

The book itself is great fun. Miss Dickens tired of the social whirl, and decided to have a job. She had learnt cooking, but never practised it; so she "clapped on her mildest hat," rushed round to an agency, and started her career of crime the next day.

Off and on, she stuck to domestic service for eighteen months. At times she had to make do with casual employment, as a cook or waitress, or even (one jolly night) in the scullery. Once she achieved the honorary title of "Mrs. Dixon," and cooked for three different sets of people in a country house with eight indoor servants. But as a rule she slept at home, and went out daily as a cook-general.

Her account of these eighteen months is partly fictitious; she was obliged to study the law of libel, and the feelings of her employers—so the narrative slips up here and there. And besides, she has the artist's touch with her stories; she likes improving on them. It's hard to tell whether one would have thought her a delightful inmate or a first-class domestic scourge. Her dishes came right once in a blue moon, and then by chance—so she says. As for housework, we are told that she couldn't light a boiler or lay a fire; that she was fatal to the china, a confirmed slut, and a zealous eavesdropper. If so, most of her employers got the cook-general they deserved; but I suspect that once or twice she treads on a plate, or drops the kidneys on the floor, just for our diversion.

She has a horror of seeming to give herself the *beau rôle*. When she tried to impress a dinner-party with a lofty "Dinner is served," "the effect was rather spoiled by the door-knob coming off in my hand as I said it." When the butler at the great house attempted blackmail—"the safest way was to be thoroughly upstage, so I said icily: 'I refuse to discuss the matter any farther,' quickened my steps to get away from him, and, tripping over a molehill, sat down heavily on the wet grass." When, as the refined Plover, she made advances to a barman, he simply stared at her. "Poor Plover, scorned and humiliated!" etc., etc. Having thus adopted the role of butt, she can go on to share it freely with employers, tradesmen and fellow-servants—and she does so with immense verve; she gets a drop of farce out of all encounters, even the briefest. If there were no law of libel, we should still have to take her anecdotes with a pinch of salt; but they are very funny indeed—in an exuberant, slap-dash way they're well written—and their truth in substance is obvious.

No wonder the demand for cook-generals exceeds the supply; there are a few bright spots, such as the genial back door life into which Miss Dickens entered so heartily—but what a fate on the whole! Nearly all these people were really living beyond their means, at the expense of the servant. Miss Dickens may have scamped her work out of laziness, but she scamped also because that was the only hope of getting through. She tells us she had no method—but how can there be method when you are doing three or four things at once, for a mistress who knows nothing about them, and who is liable to interrupt and add to the burden at any moment? Some of her employers were kind, but even they overworked her, out of pure ignorance and lack of imagination. And though she took the life as a game, though she had the support of a lively interest in character and a sense of comedy, after eighteen months of it she was almost too devitalised to give notice.

In the last chapter, we find her making a speech on the servant problem. It was a good speech—it's very true that the mistress should know her job, and that the domestic should be trained and treated as a skilled worker. But I think myself it's hopeless, for many reasons. In the first place, we can't expect a change "above stairs"; in England, at least, the housewife is obsolescent. The servants of the golden age were not paragons; but they worked for people who understood the work and found it of intense interest, who knew exactly what could be done, and how it ought to be done, and who spent their lives in seeing that it was done properly. To-day the cry is: "I pay for service and I expect to get it." Mrs. Poyser would never have dreamt of saying such a stupid thing. It requires extraordinary virtue not to scamp a job if one is not interested; and how can, say, the childless tenant of a small flat pretend that housework is interesting? If she thought so, she would do it herself—unless indeed she was bone-lazy, or regard it as beneath her. In either case, it is likely that her servants would feel the same.

Then there is the question of free time, and the state of tutelage—and the smallness of the house. There's something queer about having a servant in one's bijou flat all day long. Besides doing her work, she has to be thoroughly congenial, which you don't require of the grocer; and she makes for awkwardness even then. She must either be treated as a robot, or excluded with *pas devant la bonne* (which is almost worse), or else admitted to what one can only describe as a bosom intimacy. How many friends would one care to set up house with, at such close quarters? Miss Dickens must have been charming to have about; on the other hand, she always listened at the door in intriguing moments. That is the natural thing to do, but I think it would rather cramp one's style to suspect that it was being done.

K. JOHN.

NETHERLANDS INDIA

Netherlands India: A Study of Plural Economy. By J. S. FURNIVALL. Introduction by Jonkheer De Graeff, Governor-General. *Cambridge University Press.* 25*s.*

Four hundred years have elapsed since Europe first held the East in fee, four long centuries in which white men have exploited black. And now that really admirable studies of tropical administration are at length beginning to appear, the existing im-

Silly—isn't it? Our advt. above for Maud Cairnes' new mystery story
THE DISAPPEARING DUCHESS
seems to have disappeared too. But a book shop will certainly deliver you a Duchess in your own home for 7/6, or you could borrow her at a circulating library, to impress your friends. Shane Leslie says "she arouses delightful suspicions throughout"; and what do you think he means by that? (Duckworth, 7/6 net)

perialisms are in danger of being superseded by something infinitely worse. Even if the Central Powers proved milder than their theory, they would take generations to acquire the tolerance which comes with experience.

Most men who have served in the tropics realise that we have no cause for complacency. But, save for the occasional tirade of some disgruntled ex-Civil Servant, biting the hand that fed him, the literature of empire consists largely of an apologia for Things As They Are. Few of the writers, however experienced they may be as administrators, have any political experience, or indeed any experience at all of other systems.

One merit of this outstanding work is that the author had served his time in the Indian Civil Service before proceeding to examine Dutch methods in Java. He is a descriptive economist, and as a student of political science he realises that an administration is not a government, a fact often overlooked in our tropical dependencies. And he was fortunate in the country of his choice; the book is sponsored by the Dutch Governor-General, but it is none the less a critique, for, unlike ourselves, the Dutch encourage research among their officers, and even allow them to discuss official policy and practice in published periodicals.

So mature a work, covering so many aspects of a complex economy from early times to the present day, cannot be easy reading, any more than great State Papers are easy reading. In a brief review it is impossible to do more than indicate the interest of a single aspect. Take Plural Economy, a concept unfamiliar to most Englishmen.

Born and bred in a homogeneous society, the Englishman imagines the unitary State to be the natural type; he suspects Czechoslovakia, for instance, of being unnatural, as if a German community and a Czech could hardly be expected to coexist within the confines of a single State. But the Plural Economy, in which two or more social orders live side by side without mingling, is and has been common enough all the world over. It is normal throughout the tropics, and not only in subject States. It is found in sovereign States like Siam, where Siamese, Chinese and Europeans have distinct economic functions and live apart as separate social orders. And not only in the tropics, witness Ulster or, to take a less unhappy but even more deeply divided area, French Canada, where people are divided not only by religion but also by language.

In tropical dependencies like the Dutch East Indies there is, over and above the original highly multiple society with its congeries of races, a ruling race, a race, too, with an incomparably more advanced civilisation. Its unchallenged supremacy preserves the peace but induces a sense of economic helplessness. Adam Smith could stress the doctrines of individualism and freedom of enterprise because the necessary checks upon them were only too apparent in the conservative England of his time; they are totally non-existent in a tropical dependency. There is no common will to act as a check on the blind play of economic forces. The different communities may find each other's religion, morals, literature and art meaningless or even positively offensive; they may have no point of social contact, but they all meet on common ground as consumers desiring cheapness. The result is a shoddy civilisation in which economic criteria are supreme and human values decline. The standard ethic is the lowest, not the highest, common denominator, there is no common bond save law, right is superseded by legality, and the only duty is not to be found out. Having deteriorated into a society based not on social duties but on private rights, the native civilisation reacts by throwing up some form of Nationalism, a fever of the body politic trying to expel the ills that impair its vitality; but the Nationalist leaders, dazzled by Western superiority, persist in imitating Western methods and so contribute still further to the breakdown of the social order.

The ruling race seldom even perceives the issues. The Dutch have at least tried to perceive them, and the comparison Mr. Furnivall makes between their methods and ours is not always to our advantage. Which of the two systems will be more successful, time alone will show; if, that is, time allows for the conduct of either experiment to any end but anarchy. G. E. HARVEY

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FIRST THINGS FIRST

Educating for Democracy. Edited by J. COHEN and R. M. W. TRAVERS. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Progressives since the war have done education—and democracy—a disservice by concentrating so exclusively on the problem of individual behaviour. One of the most important of the international progressive education bodies, for instance, was still in 1938 refusing to campaign for a democratic reorganisation of English education, on the grounds that "it mustn't mix itself up with politics"; and, with freedom going under all round it, and its own members from Germany and Italy in exile or in concentration camps, it quietly resumed its discussions of "Freedom in the School."

The great merit of this book is that it recognises the fact that "Education does not mould man in the abstract, but in and for a given society," and that "even the most efficient educational technique is doomed to failure unless it is related to the remaining forms of social control."

The contributors to this well-designed book were reminded at the meeting where it was planned that "in a democracy, the bottom 70 per cent. matter just as much as the 20 or 30 per cent. of intellectuals." Up to the present our system has been arranged on the opposite assumption. Like a public schoolmaster whose vision is bounded by form-orders and promotions, it has, at its most "democratic," only concerned itself seriously with giving the lower block increased chances of climbing; everything else has been sacrificed to the "top drawer."

This is the first thing to be remedied, and until it is done nothing else matters. A democratic system will see that every child has a full education up to the age (given here on simple physical grounds as a minimum of 17 or 18) when it is ready to face the world.

Only second in importance is the question of what kind of education shall then be given, and, quite rightly, the contributors stress the importance of curriculum. That "it doesn't matter what you teach 'em, as long as they are made to learn it" is an old heresy which sometimes crops up in a modern form: "it doesn't matter what you teach them as long as they are free." Both are rubbish. If democracy is to survive, education must give the future citizens the means of understanding and so controlling the world they live in. "No society is safe in the hands of a few clever people, without the intelligent co-operation of the average man and woman." For this purpose the present curriculum is hopelessly out of date. The attempt to patch the

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old grammar school course has demonstrably failed; all it has done is to overload both the time-table and the child's memory with scraps of unrelated knowledge. As Sir Percy Nunn points out in the first chapter, what is needed is not patching but a complete reorientation: "Though the ancient cultural movements have not lost their social value, but need rather to be re-emphasised and revivified, yet science . . . has come to control so much of contemporary life and activity that a general appreciation of its nature and significance has become a prime social need."

How this need can be answered is shown by Mr. Richard Palmer in a chapter on *Science and Modern Education*. The science course, as he outlines it, is far more humanist than the old classical course ever was. It is by no means simply an extension of the present methods; it aims, rather, at teaching broadly "what kind of knowledge is useful for a particular purpose and where to find it."

Finally, an approach to the problem of behaviour is given by Professor Mannheim, whose brilliant essay suggests a technique of social analysis as more important than individual psychoanalysis for a modern democracy. The first thing, he suggests, is to examine our moral standards. "A successful society will economise as much as possible in the use of prohibition and repression, will distinguish between humane and harmful prohibition, and, through its institutions, will help the individual to make his adjustment in the best possible way; and will come to the rescue of those who have failed in their readjustments."

It is a combination of a sociological and a psychological approach. Individual analysis is not enough, and concentration on it has, he suggests, led to "a neglect of the different settings in which people live; different forms of institutions react very distinctly upon the behaviour and self-expression of the individual."

But each chapter of this excellent book deserves a review to itself. Whether society, as at present constituted, will allow education (any more than anything else) to be scientifically planned, is a political question; but, if we were given a second chance, the contributors to this book should immediately be constituted into a consultative committee with full powers to act.

T. C. WORSLEY

PRICE HISTORY

Prices and Wages in England from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century. By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE and Others. Vol. I. Price Tables: Mercantile Era. *Longmans.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

Here is the first instalment of Sir William Beveridge's price history, which is to be completed in four volumes, three mainly of tables and the explanations accompanying them, and one of evaluation and comment on the materials thus presented. The present volume, embodying the price data for the "Mercantile Period"—roughly 1550 to 1830—confronts the reviewer with something of a problem; for it is difficult to comment upon it except in a technical way. It is confined to materials relating to prices; for the wage-figures (and also, incidentally, most of the price data for wheat) are reserved for Volume III. Sir William Beveridge's method, unlike that of his great predecessor, Thorold Rogers, is to use only series of figures extending over long periods. This means, in practice, that the figures are mainly those of institutions which were regular buyers on a substantial scale, such as Winchester and Eton Colleges, Westminster School and Abbey, Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, and the departments of navy victualling and stores, and of the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain. From these and similar sources Sir William and his assistants have derived a wealth of valuable and hitherto inaccessible material, which they have presented for the most part in two forms—regular series of prices for standard quantities of each commodity and "price-relatives," or index numbers for the principal commodities separately. No attempt has been made to work up the material into any index series of general prices.

The problems in presenting the material, which have been many and difficult, are explained in Sir William's introduction. They arise chiefly out of the multiplicity of weights and measures in use in different places, despite repeated official attempts at standardisation. The most unfortunate limitation of the data is that they relate almost exclusively to the South of England. The layman would have supposed that some Northern centre, such as York, would have provided material comparable with that found at Eton or Winchester; but apparently this is not the case. In general, the new data here presented seem to confirm the broad conclusions reached by Thorold Rogers on a basis of much more scattered and less continuous information. The book is not designed for the ordinary reader; but it will be invaluable to historians, and should be in every scholarly library. Moreover, even the lay historian will find it well worth his while to read Sir William Beveridge's General Introduction, and to sample the tables for a few items in order to get a notion of the immense *relative* changes, over long periods, in the cost of different sorts of ordinary consumable goods.

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FALLEN IDOLS

Old Gods Falling. By MALCOLM ELWIN. *Collins.* 15*s.*

There is a saying of Froude's which I think ought to be borne in mind by every historian and biographer: "To be entirely just in our estimate of other ages is not difficult—it is impossible": and, if there are grades in impossibility, a fair judgment is superlatively impossible in dealing with ages just before our own. We are at once too near our fathers and too distant from them. We understand them well enough to dislike them, but not enough to sympathise. Thus what to our parents was humour is to us wearisome; the pathos of Dickens provokes ridicule; Victorian respectability is slavery to convention, Victorian decency is prudery, religion is pilloried as hypocrisy, and sincerity is humbug.

These ideas run through the whole of Mr. Elwin's book, and to a great extent spoil one's pleasure in reading it. It shows very wide reading—wisely not confined to the Di Majores, who often, by their very greatness, fail to represent the general opinions of their time: and it is written in a vigorous and usually attractive style. But Mr. Elwin is as angry with his victims as if they had swindled him out of a legacy, and he belabours them so furiously that we cannot help feeling a certain sympathy with the culprits.

As a matter of fact, the Victorians were no more hypocritical than the present generation. Their hypocrisies were different from ours, but certainly no worse. Many of them pretended to be saints and were not, but they would have perished rather than say they were devoted to the League of Nations while all the time they were destroying it. Some of their politicians talked too religiously; but they did not, like Under-Secretaries to-day, steer habitually between the Scylla of truth and the Charybdis of falsehood through the channel of No-meaning.

What appears to annoy Mr. Elwin most is that they, or rather such of them as were authors, did not "speak out" on a certain subject. They were therefore, as Charles Reade said, "prurient prudes"; they were "nice people," and therefore must, on the Swiftian principle, be concealing "nasty ideas"—which perhaps is the best thing to do with ideas of that kind. And, after all, what they omitted to mention is by no means the most important fact of life. In man's life, said a poet who knew something about it, it is a thing apart; and I well remember a doctor's remark on "'Tis woman's whole existence"—"It isn't a tenth of the existence of Venus herself." There is plenty left for a novelist to dilate upon, even if he never brings Cupid, licit or illicit, on to the scene.

When we have decided to pass by without notice Mr. Elwin's obsessions as to Victorian respectability, hypocrisy, humbug, and prudery, we find a good deal that is excellent. Believing that biography is the almost necessary handmaid of literary criticism,

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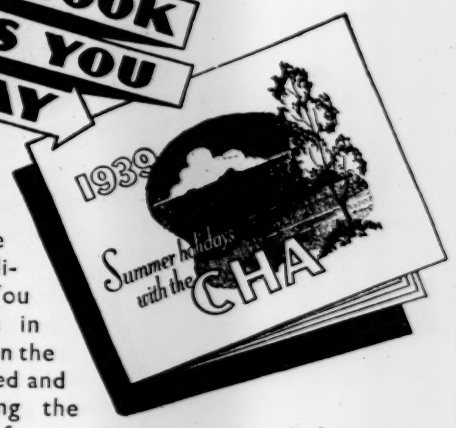

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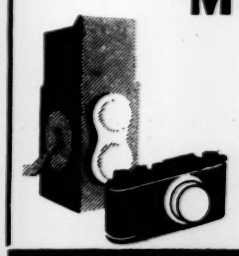

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he endeavours to explain the books he studies by considering the men who wrote them; where the books succeed, he discovers that the writers' lives were for the most part successful; where they fail, it is because of some impediment in their circumstances. Mrs. Stevenson was a hindrance to the full development of R. L. S.'s genius; the *res angusta domi* forced others to write pot-boilers, and, when the pot-boilers had brought wealth and ease, the genius had fled. There is, of course, much truth in this, and the theory admits of extension. If Virgil had had a wife, would Aeneas have been such a prig, or would the story of Dido have been what it is?

That not everybody will agree with Mr. Elwin's appraisals is nothing against him. He cannot away with *The Brook Kerith*, and thinks *Esther Waters* Moore's masterpiece. He has a perfect right to his opinion. Many people regard Rider Haggard as a far better public servant than romancer; few will think Guy Boothby worth the three or four pages Mr. Elwin devotes to him. But the chief controversy is likely to arise about the extremely high place he assigns to John Galsworthy, who may almost be called the hero of his book. It is in the chapters on Galsworthy that the book is most happy: indeed, it becomes actually charming, and one reads it with the ease and admiration which are always stirred when a writer has a theme exactly to his mind. But this does not mean that Mr. Elwin convinces. Galsworthy had many merits; but it is probable that he is justly accused of a certain *Halbheit*: he went either too far or not far enough. But a matter of literary taste can never be finally decided; and, if Galsworthy is remembered for a century, there will be, during that century, a sure and certain hope of lively discussions in college debating societies.

E. E. KELLETT

THESE TWENTY YEARS

You Have Lived Through All This. By EDWARD THOMPSON. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

A distance of twenty years from the end of the Paris Peace Conference is a point at which a critic-historian, himself under thirty when we began to live through all this, may fairly attempt an estimate of the post-war period. Mr. Thompson remarks upon the almost unlimited crop of books dealing with recent events of Europe and the Far East, but says that he could not find a great deal to instruct him in the events and experiences of his own country. Hence this narrative and appraisal of the two tremendous decades. The book is an example of close compression, done with a skilful use of the documents, a wide range of allusion, and a sustained pungency of style.

Obviously, since the war and the treaties left us more or less entangled with every part of a continent in dissolution, a short history of the England of yesterday could not be confined to our own island, even when a main part of the author's purpose is to recover the national moods and the popular interests and follies as displayed from year to year. Mr. Thompson's method is to work within the scope of descriptive chapter-headings—from the glad confident morning of peace, through the beginning of sorrows and the interval of security (after Locarno), to the years of menace, the tragic peace-with-honour of 1938, and the singular "moral rearmament" of to-day. In only one instance does the author depart from this plan. That is when he devotes 24 pages to the affairs of Ireland, from the Black and Tans to the De Valera dictatorship—a chapter none the less deadly in effect for being as impartial as an anguished English Liberal could be expected to make it.

Mr. Thompson sees "the beginning of sorrows" as twofold—in the ill-fated prolongation of the Lloyd George coalition and the so-called return to sound party politics in 1922. It is not, I think, quite accurate in this connection to cite "two squalid crises," which Ramsay MacDonald ought to have been able to handle, as marking the end of the first Labour Government. The miserable Campbell prosecution was the upshot of a Left-wing faction plot to entrap the Prime Minister and the Attorney-General, and no head of a Government situated as MacDonald was in October, 1924, could have evaded the stab of the Zinoviev letter. Moreover, as Mr. Thompson is careful to remind us, the central irony of that election was the destruction not of the Labour but of the Liberal party. This having happened, 1931 and all that came upon us in hard sequence, with the huge submissive majority in Parliament and the enthronement of an Inner Cabinet to which, amazingly, all authority in democratic Britain is committed.

Mr. Thompson sees the British Government striving almost from the beginning to get away from Versailles, while Germany never accepted a single clause of the Treaty, and in the end "the Governments of France and England made the worst of possible worlds." It is difficult not to agree with this conclusion as one follows Mr. Thompson in his sardonic analysis of the situations in turn. Happily for the reader, however, he is not concerned only with policy and crises. He flings his net over the everyday scene as the limits of the book permit. As we go along we are reminded of all sorts of incidents and humours by which the record of the twenty years is punctuated. Mr. Thompson notes significant points in the evolution of flying, the cinema, the radio; the recurrence of sensational crime, the books we were reading in a given year, the plays we were seeing, or more likely neglecting to see; the adoption from America of the book-of-the-month (which our author emphatically does not like). Nor are we allowed to forget the wildest of those diversions which continually disturb the emotional balance of "the most decent and useful people in the whole world"—such fantastic happenings as the Rector of Stiffkey, the Loch Ness monster, and the conflict of opinion that raged for five whole years over the Whaddon Chase Hunt.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

THE CIVILIAN FRONT

The War Behind the War, 1914-1918. By FRANK P. CHAMBERS. *Faber. 16s.*

This interesting, important and masterly analysis of the belligerent countries from 1914 to 1918 closes with this sentence:

> It had lasted four years and three months, involved thirty Sovereign states, overthrown four empires, given birth to seven new nations, taken thirteen million lives on the field of battle and perhaps an equal number of non-combatant lives by privation, disease and revolution, and wasted incalculable wealth.

Somehow that sentence, representative of the measured yet moving style in which the whole book is written, seems to strike a more responsive note in the average reader than, shall we say, the self-conscious rotundities of Mr. Winston Churchill's prose. For too long pontifical strategists and apologists for this or that eminent general have fastened on the war like bluebottles on a piece of bad meat. It was high time that an historian, with that broad outlook which laborious days in a library alone can give, should have attempted a picture on more spacious lines. Professor Chambers has attempted to portray the history of the world at war—not a mere catalogue of battles, raids and bombardments, but a picture of the whole international effort, and even so it may be objected by some that too much space in the book is given to the actual fighting with which most people are sufficiently familiar. In his preface Professor Chambers expresses the hope that recent events in Europe have not been allowed to cloud or embitter his judgment, and his readers will agree that he has succeeded in avoiding both cheap sneers and profitless taunts. Particularly is this the case with the reigning sovereigns of Europe in 1914 who, twenty years after the war, are beginning to win the respect of intelligent observers of the past. Of the Kaiser during the war years he writes:

> Reports of the victories that his soldiers won would revive in him the same boyish, buoyant vanities of his happier days. And yet through all the masks and miseries we can still detect that old trait of earnestness, labouring incessantly for what he conceived to be his duty. When he forgot to pose, he was as true and generous, as self-sacrificing, as faithful to responsibility as any gilded hero in his calendar.

But, intelligent and even amiable as were most of the potentates of Europe in 1914 (and how those qualities seem magnified by contrast with their modern counterparts) they failed to avert the final disaster, though a reading of Professor Chambers' book almost suggests that that task was beyond mortal wits.

One point he brings out very clearly, and that is the extraordinary fervour and enthusiasm with which the war was greeted in Russia, Germany, France and England. The cheering crowds outside Buckingham Palace and in the Unter den Linden had their counterparts in the reverent enthusiasm of Russia and the *union sacrée* of France. This phenomenon is often explained by the 100 years of peace in Europe as a whole, but it was only four decades since Germany and France had been at war and only one since Russia and England had been involved in expensive and sanguinary contests. The strong pacifist and Socialist elements in all those countries were stifled and mute. Only in Turkey, where the memories of the Balkan and Italian wars died hard, was the martial excitement, which characterised other mobilisations, absent.

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UNITY STRING ORCHESTRA. CONCERT, Sunday, July 9, 3.30. Unity Theatre (EUSton 5391). Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, etc. Members and friends. 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d.

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WILL a kind-hearted reader loan two or three rooms to Austrian refugee, living on small allowance, for summer months (longer if possible). Excellent references offered. Box 5532.

BUSINESS Woman wishes join another for holidays, July 29th to August 19th. Box 5501.

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The cardinal mistake, made by those who teach history no less than by those who pose as authorities on the New Europe, lies in regarding 1914 as the end of one chapter and 1919 as the beginning of a new one. Professor Chambers makes it abundantly clear that those "trends and movements" of the post-war world which haunt the professorial mind and echo round the class-room had their origins in the war itself and did not, as is so often supposed, burst ready made on a startled world in 1919. Professor Chambers gives many instances of this—notably, of course, in Turkey—where all the innovations usually associated with the Kemalist regime had their beginning during the war. On the larger issue of the economic controls and monopolies started by all countries during the war, Professor Chambers writes:

> A war which was fought—according to one common doctrine—in order to preserve the capitalist system, could only be spun out into its third and fourth years by the practice everywhere of all those economic principles the belligerents were supposed to abhor.

At the present time when there is considerable discussion about the appointment of a Propaganda Department in this country, particular interest is attached to what Professor Chambers has to say about British propaganda during the war. He certainly does not give sufficient credit or importance to the work done under the War Office in the earlier years of the war before Northcliffe cashed in on the whole business from the genteel premises of Crewe House. Propaganda, when conducted by soldiers, was reasonable, limited in scope and effective. Under Northcliffe, aided and abetted by some of his more bustling Fleet Street henchmen, it was extremely effective admittedly, but with an inept statesman like Balfour at the Foreign Office, it swept policy along with it with disastrous results for the future. The deception of the public—a pastime at which Northcliffe was supreme and in which his working life was spent—was charitably accepted by Englishmen but pardonably misunderstood by foreigners. At least he has somewhat queered the pitch for British propagandists in the next war.

One general impression to be gained from this book is of the impotence of all national leaders to control or even to influence events. It is a depressing portent. From July, 1914, they seem swept along in an irresistible torrent. Nowhere is this more clearly brought out than in the various abortive peace moves from 1916 onwards. No one looking dispassionately back over the past can say that it was anything but madness to continue the war after 1916, and it is certainly fair to say that none of the belligerent Powers and none of their leading statesmen really wanted to continue it. How far the ruthlessness of events mastered the hopes and intentions of statesmen is well illustrated by Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the beginning of 1918 quoted by the author.

> We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people. . . . Germany has occupied a great position in the world. It is not our wish or intention to question or destroy that position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from hopes and schemes of military domination and see her devote all her strength to the great beneficent tasks of humanity.

ROGER FULFORD

BY CANOE

Water Music: Further Reminiscences. By SIR JOHN SQUIRE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Water music, hills, locks, kingfishers, inns and ale, garrulous strangers, dives back into the past, a beginning and an end, some queer means of locomotion: could it be done without Belloc and Stevenson? The answer is it couldn't. The answer is also it can be very agreeably done again. Sir John Squire and Mr. William Bliss (he of the competition page) set out on the Cher in a canoe, with a haversack of books, a jar of cider and Mr. Bliss's own immense authority on waterways. Not, of course, as would be the case abroad, wearing running shorts and displaying through the villages a torso burnt by the sun: but decked out in old bags, hideous hats, ragamuffin coats. So very, so very very English. Sir John Squire writes with considerable charm and humour of their adventures. He is good particularly on comic verses, his own and others':

> I remember, I remember
> The last time I was born.
> I had four feet, I had a tail,
> I had a crumpled horn;
> And what a placid life I led!
> I never laughed or wept,
> All day, head down, I munched the grass,
> At night I simply slept.

They came to places with knobbly names like Aynho, Cropredy, Napton, Itchington, Laverstock St. Nicholas; they dreamed of Test Matches and church architecture, poets and Oxford; they slid, of course, into Bablockhithe—who could resist the name? They called on Monsignor Knox; they resuscitated Brooke and Flecker; and Squire recalls delightfully his annual visits to Hardy. Hardy talked to him of monumental masons, gave him tea, handed out a little "irony" or two. With John Goss he once spent an evening listening to the ballads of Haynes Bayley, "When I Was a Butterfly . . ." Obviously Hardy was one of the most charming and naive of men, and each new anecdote added to his character. It is strange to think that Chesterton could have allowed himself to be so spiteful. This book of reminiscences is no more ordered than its predecessor, *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, but no worse for that. It can safely be recommended to anyone who likes Georgian prose, English scenery and a garrulousness particular to Sir John Squire; it is, in fact, admirably entertaining.

G. W. S.

A Key to Modern Painting. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. *Blackie.* 5*s*

This little book, which is one of the best introductions to painting which has appeared for a long time, makes no claim to be anything more than a key. Mr. Marriott is unprejudiced, reasonable and lucid. If he is also over inclined to digressions and parentheses it is an agreeable fault. He has nothing to prove, no phrases to launch. Everything that he has to say arises from his examination of definitions and first principles. Mr. Marriott undertakes no interpretation of individual works or artists, no appreciations. He is concerned with the position of modern artists in relation to what he calls "the central tradition," but not with their individual personalities. Consequently this book will make a more useful guide to the National Gallery than to the exhibition of recent works by somebody or other just off Bond Street. What is perhaps Mr. Marriott's most interesting contribution to art criticism is a very simple notion, that art can only exist in compounds, that it is an attribute rather than a substance and that pure art is as ridiculous as pure good. It seems to follow then that if an art is to become great it needs an occasion, a demand such as that for portraits in England, mural paintings in churches in Italy or for small cabinet pictures in seventeenth-century Holland. A great many commissions will result simply in portraits, wall-paintings or genre pictures. But those who have the perspicacity to commission Gainsborough or Tintoretto or Rembrandt will get a work of art as well as what they pay for. It is the saddest part of our present system that not only do employers of labour not prefer a job artistically done, but they actually dislike it. This Mr. Marriott puts down to the contemporary obsession with profit-making to the exclusion of aesthetic or spiritual values. His explanation accounts perhaps for horrible modern furniture, china, radio sets and houses—in painting as the painter's time is nearly always his own it must be put down to some other cause. In this connection it might perhaps be added that the public will put up with anything, cubism, surrealism, expressionism, handling rougher than Van Gogh's, as long as it is expressed in the form of cliché. The crudest of Cezanne's followers is more popular than he will ever be. The artist, as Mr. Marriott has pointed out, only exists in so far as the painter is a free and disinterested purveyor of what he conceives to be true. All truths are subversive and in our civilisation, founded as it is on the poverty of millions and the fear of poverty of most of the rest, it is not surprising that art, when it appears, is generally disliked.

Uneasy Oceans. By LT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Nearly half of this book is taken up by discussions of the political background of the various naval developments and issues examined by the author, going nowhere beyond what is common knowledge and often expanded into highly debatable speculations, while the naval sections proper are of very unequal quality.

The first part, "Prelude to an Arms Race," surveying the story of naval developments during the Post-War era from the Washington Conference down to the present moment and notable above all for its outspoken and detailed exposition of the part played by the successive British Cabinets in the deterioration of the British position, provides a vivid, though not invariably correct, background to the discussion of the "Ships and Strategies" of the leading Sea Powers, which forms the central section of the study.

In the second part, far the most valuable of the whole, the author has succeeded in bringing together an extraordinarily comprehensive and useful material upon the British, U.S.A., Japanese, French, Italian, German and Russian fleets. The series of pictures which he draws of their composition, peculiarities, strong and weak points, the degree of the modernisation of their capital units, the influence of their building programmes upon the balance of naval power during the coming years, is both interesting and greatly enlightening. In particular his description of the German navy deserves to be singled out as the best account of that force so far published in this country. This examination of the navies is followed by a second series of studies envisaging their respective strategic situation in its geographical and political setting, but there

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Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 31

unfortunately, the author stops. The differentiation of Naval Thought into a number of widely divergent national schools, which constitutes such a characteristic feature of the present situation, is entirely ignored by him, although the light these theories are able to throw upon the strategic plans of the various Powers is not infrequently far more illuminating than anything that can be deduced from the examination of building programmes or strategic areas.

This deplorable neglect is probably largely responsible for the fact that the third and final section of Commander Edwards' study, dealing with the problems of naval war in the main potential areas of conflict, falls so short of the first two. Its first portion, dealing with the possibilities of a struggle in the Mediterranean, is still by far the best despite many blemishes. The second, discussing the probable features of a naval war in the Baltic and North Sea, is so vague and pointless as to leave one wholly unconvinced, while the last, the possibilities of Pacific strategy, is roundly unacceptable. The author completely fails to recognise the inapplicability of our traditional concepts of naval strategy, such as for instance "blockade," to the fundamentally different conditions of the Pacific scene, and the views which he advances with respect to the probable actions of the potential American, Japanese or British Commander-in-Chief can only be described as misleading and fanciful.

BOOKS TO COME

The Dear Monster, title of a book to be published by Cape on July 14th, is Germany. The author, G. R. Halkett, is an exile who left his country not because of Left-wing affiliations or Jewish blood, but because he could no longer endure life in an uncivilised community. He comes of an old family whose members have been in the service of the Dukes of Saxe-Weimar for generations—his great-grandfather, a Scotsman, commanded the third Hanoverian Brigade at Waterloo. He was brought up in Weimar, educated at the Prussian Cadet Corps and fought in the Great War. Later, he earned his living as a Free Corps soldier, an artist, a stage-producer, a journalist, a peasants' doctor and a member of a secret air corps. After the advent of Hitler, he left his native land and became a builder's labourer in the Balearics. Mr. Halkett had, therefore, a wide and varied experience to draw from in his account of a country which he loves but cannot tolerate under its present regime.

Cape expects to publish on the same day *The Theory of Idle Resources* by W. H. Hutt, Professor of Economics in the University of Capetown. Professor Hutt's treatise, which is an argument for freedom of competition and an analysis of how that freedom is vitiated by idle resources, is largely devoted to criticism of Mr. Keynes' *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*.

In the middle of July, Harrap will publish *British Dramatists from Dryden to Sheridan*, edited by G. H. Nettleton and A. E. Case, a volume which has been in preparation for some years. An important feature is the inclusion of the Crewe MS. of *The School for Scandal*—the copy of the play which Sheridan corrected with his own hand—which has been recently discovered. The authors present twenty-five plays, several of them not easily available to students. Introductory essays provide the literary background of the period.

Two new volumes in the Highways and Byways series, *Essex* and *The Welsh Marches*, are coming from Macmillan on July 11th. Clifford Bax, who has spent many months in exploring Essex, has concluded that the ugliness of the approach to it from London has saved it from popularity and preserved its essential character. However, of late years, Essex has been discovered by the "literary," so those who want to experience its native charm should read Mr. Bax and see it soon. The volume dealing with the Welsh Marches is by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who has known the district for many years, investigated its ancient feuds and explored its Roman ways and remote villages. Both volumes are generously illustrated.

Macmillans are also publishing, in the middle of July, *The Building of a Nation's Health* by Sir George Newman, lately Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education and the Ministry of Health. It is a detailed account of the history and growth of the machinery which controls the nation's health, an historical analysis of its form and an account of some of those responsible for its creation. Sir George Newman has played an important part in national health organisation for over a quarter of a century.

Chatto and Windus, who have taken over Mr. Compton Mackenzie's books, will publish on July 10th the *Greek Memories* which have been held up so long. This volume, the third of his War Memories, was withdrawn directly after its first appearance in 1932 owing to the threat of proceedings under the Official Secrets Act. It deals with the period, 1916, when Mr. Mackenzie was head of Intelligence in Athens. Presumably time has made his revelations innocuous, because *Greek Memories* is to be issued in an unexpurgated form.

On July 13th, Cassell will publish two new volumes in the Living Thoughts Library: *Nietzsche* by Heinrich Mann, and *Thoreau* by Theodore Dreiser.

Longmans expect to publish three further volumes in the "Ambassadors at Large" series this autumn. *England* is being written by the General Editor of the series, Professor E. H. Carr; *Germany* by Frhr. v. Rheinbaben, former Secretary of State under the Stresemann Government, who resigned on account of the Young Plan; and *Japan* by Professor Tatsuji Takeuchi.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

About Motoring

ARE MOTOR-CYCLISTS INSANE?

Punch puts a similar question humorously about assistant schoolmasters, but it is asked quite frequently by the public about motor-cyclists in a far more serious vein. We see these hardy souls on the road, perched on a mass of naked and vibrating machinery, beset by the continuous necessity for balancing a projectile utterly devoid of any natural stability, and visibly vibrating from stem to stern in a fashion which irresistibly reminds us of the miseries of an electric train, too fast and too light for the indifferent track which guides and supports it. The female of the species occasionally reposes in a chair, resembling a slipper in general contour, which seems rather precariously secured to the flank of the motor-bicycle, at so low a level that she is faced with destruction in any graze of collision. Alternatively, she straddles a hassock over the back wheel of a motor-cycle, with her rayon-clad shins in dangerous proximity to the driving chain, scoured by every wind that blows, and spattered in bad weather by the foul water sloshed off the road surface by the wheels, whilst she peers anxiously over her lover's shoulder, and clings to his waist continuously with both hands. We read, though we may never have seen, how the more eminent members of this curious breed are capable of travelling at three miles a minute on straight tracks; or, more commonly, prostrate their trunks flat along their tanks, peer out underneath their handlebars, and average ninety miles an hour for three hours at a time over some of the most difficult and dangerous road circuits in the world. Or again the news-reels at the cinemas occasionally display how other champions put their mounts at the virgin flanks of almost vertical mountains both here and in America, attack the incredible gradient at sixty miles an hour, and climb until at last the machines topple backwards over them, whilst stewards with grapnels attempt to prevent man and mount from rolling back to the base of the precipice. It is hardly surprising that the public periodically enquire whether motor-cyclists are insane.

The ordinary motor-cyclist—there are many millions of him and of her—eschews all these speed stunts. He is in the mass indistinguishable from any other escapist. He is of the same sober breed as the artisan who rents an allotment and grows cabbages in it; or the professor who on his annual vacation goes for long walks in the remoter parts of Scotland or the Tyrol. He values a hobby which removes him from the scene of his daily toil, and scours his mind clear of the routine which obsesses it for perhaps 289 days of every year—the figure 289 is obtained by deducting Sundays and his annual leave. He prefers a motor-cycle to an allotment because he desires to "go places"; and because a motor-cycle enables him to go places at incredibly low cost. Personal transport in the shape of a baby car is incredibly cheap, especially if we buy our baby car in its second or third year for say £50. But personal transport in the form of a motor-cycle is infinitely more economical than any motor car. The fuel for 100 miles costs no more than 1*s.* 6*d.* Tax and insurance are about half of the parallel items in a baby car budget. Garage is usually costless. The speed is equal to that of modern traffic. The discomfort is an illusion. Elderly folk unquestionably dislike wet and cold, especially if they have grown accustomed to soft living. But the young, and especially the artisan young, are not so tender. They were never reared in an atmosphere of fur coats and central heating. With Borrow, they often relish the wind on the heath; and even if the wind on the heath be occasionally barbed with a rain which feels like stair-rods, they revel in triumphing over hardship; after all, it has often been their daily bread since the cradle. The car owner regards motor-cycles as vibratory. It never dawns on him that if his Rolls were stripped of its steel panels and opulent bonnet, the observer would picture him poised on a mass of machinery in visible and violent motion, no less than the motor-cyclist whom he contemptuously pities. Actually, when once a motor-bicycle has got into its stride, its jockey suffers no more from vibration than an equestrian in Rotten Row. The bodies of both yield flexibly to the requirements of motion, just as our muscles flex and ripple when we walk; and all three sensations are fundamentally pleasant. It is literally true that a motor-cyclist is often far more comfortable than the occupants of the ordinary motor car, whose legs and trunks perpetually fidget and shift position during any long drive, and experience stiffness and aches when disembarked.

A minority of motor-cyclists adopt the sport or hobby for more

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS
—continued from page 29

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5s.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

BOORD'S, Batcombe, Bath, for Mendips, Glastonbury Wells. Good cooking and comfort. JAMES.

LAKELAND. Buttermere Valley. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth, Cumberland. 3 *gns.* weekly. 'Phone: Lorton 240.

DEVON. Charming Old World Residence offers accommodation; near sea (sandy beach); golf. 63s.; September, 52s. 6d. WELLER, Court House, Churchstowe, Kingsbridge.

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

SALOON CAR going South of France, July 14th approx. Return August 7th. 2 seats available. £6 10s. each return. 'Phone: Welbeck 1519.

VISIT Corsica this year! All-in tour with 1 week in Corsica (inc. 3 full-day motor excursions comprising full circuit of island) and 1 week in Nice (with various free facilities) and short stay in Paris. Comfortable hotels, good food. A tour full of interest and wild beauty at the amazing price of £14 17s. 6d. for 16 days. Party leaves London, Aug. 12. Numbers limited. Write early for details to Prospect Tours, Ltd., 115 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

ONLY few places left for 22 day tour to U.S.S.R. and Scandinavia leaving London Aug. 5. Conducted—£26 10s. inc. Also few places for 22 and 29 day tours to U.S.S.R., conducted by Mrs. Marjorie Pollitt, leaving Aug. 12. Details of these and other Soviet tours from Prospect Tours Ltd., 115 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

YOUTH HOUSE INTERNATIONAL SUMMER CAMP, 22nd July-12th August. Freneuse, Normandy, France, 32s. per week. Co-operative holiday community. Vegetarian. River swimming, Rambles, Camp fires. Camp Secretary, Youth House, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1. GUL. 5189.

SWITZERLAND, SCHWYZ. Hotel Sonnenberg for sunshine, health and pleasure. Excellent cookery, all diets. Unrivalled view. Typical Swiss countryside. Trips arranged. Terms from £2 15s. per week. All inclusive.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

BELGIUM. Coq-sur-mer. Pension Normandy, on dunes, sea view, all comforts, excellent cuisine. From 6s. 6d. Family prices.

SWITZERLAND, LUGANO. Hotel Quisisana for every comfort. Beautiful gardens. Excellent cuisine. All diets. Swimming-pool. Terms 9–12 Sw. Francs.

PRALOGNAN, Savoie. Alpes, alt. 4,800ft. Hotel de la Vanoise. Pension 62–70 fs. Excellente cave. Cuisine du pays. Eau courante. Promenades. Alpinisme.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors. Dates and prices from: Society for Cultural Relations, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

LAZY CYCLING IN FRANCE. Gay, carefree holiday. Private party. 14 days. Cycles, hotels, everything provided £11. Details Box 5500.

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NORTH CORNWALL. Furnished cottage to let, on farm. Three double bedrooms, bath, hot and cold, indoor sanitation. Garage. Quiet surroundings; beautiful coast. Box 5306.

IRELAND. To let furnished, August and September, charming little country house at foot of Dublin mountains. All conveniences. KEATING, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin.

SUSSEX. Furnished house for August; 2 sitting, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Facing Common. 4 *gns.* weekly, including plate, linen, gardener. MISS HALL, Bluegate, Lindfield.

OAK-TIMBERED converted Farmhouse, 6 miles West of Chelmsford. Modern conveniences; 2 large sitting, 5 bedrooms (3 large, 2 beds), lavatory, bathroom, kitchen (cookanheat). Own e.l. Telephone, main water, good drainage. Garage. Garden. 30 miles open sea or London. To let furnished £3 weekly per month or more. Unspoilt agricultural country. Local help available. MISS LAYCOCK, Wendover, Bucks.

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NEW FOREST. Charming old thatched cottage, modernised. Bordered Forest and stream. 5 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. Company's water. Garage. Cowsheds, etc. 2 acres. £910. Box 5489.

THATCHED cottage (1351). 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room; acre secluded garden. Many fruit trees. 1 mile village, 4 miles yachting. Freehold £345. Furniture if required. Box 5494.

ST. AGNES, CORNWALL. Charming furnished bungalow, very comfortable, garden, close sea, modern conveniences. MISS HICKS, "Heather-Croft."

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LONDON FURNISHED COTTAGE (Purley). Accommodate two. Modern conveniences. Quiet district. Garden. Write: SWALE, 28 Border Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.

NEW FOREST, Frogham. Attractive house, high. Magnificent views. 2 reception, 3 bedrooms, bath. Central heating. Conveniences. Garage. £1,425. Box 5488.

SUSSEX DOWNS. Large house, sparsely furnished, 8 miles Worthing, ideal situation, 12 *gns.* August. BROWN, Rosebay, Hampers Lane, Storrington.

COTTAGE, lovely country near Saffron Walden, £200 freehold. Appelbe, 7 New Sq., W.C.2.

HOVE. Unfurnished upper maisonette, exceptional position on front, all rooms overlooking sea, 3 bed., 2 reception, etc., also ground floor flat, 1 bed., 1 reception, etc. Rents £125 and £85 respectively. Write: FITZGERALD, Beechwood, Reigate, Surrey, or call to view—at Basement, Beach Court, 7A Medina Terrace.

W.C.1. Unfurnished S/C Flat to let; 2 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. C.H.W. Wrote Box 5458.

HAMMERSMITH. Two rooms, garage, garden in private house. Box 5534.

FINSBURY PARK, two rooms, first floor, all conveniences. Quiet road, minute tubes, buses, 15s. Write 112 Tollington Park, N.4.

BLOOMSBURY. Large, Unfurnished One-roomed Flatlet. Private entrance and kitchen. MUS. 8059 before 1.15 p.m.

A MODERN FLAT IN THE COUNTRY makes the best of both worlds. Park House, Welwyn, has self-contained all-electric flats with every modern convenience, including a Sports Club and the finest departmental Store in Herts. Two rooms from £70 p.a., four rooms from £150 p.a., inclusive. Half an hour from King's Cross, in the centre of the most interesting town in England. 'Phone for particulars or write to N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 3456.

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FURNISHED Flat overlooking delightful square, W.C., to Let, July to September, inclusive. Sleep two (double bed), large rooms, good kitchen, separate bath, excellent charlady, books, E.M.G. gramophone; 2 *gns.* weekly. Box 5516.

CHEYNE WALK, Chelsea. July-August. Furnished flat overlooking river, two rooms, kitchen and bathroom. 3 *guineas.* Service. Box 5507.

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Six Months ,, ,,	15s. 0d.
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COMFORTABLE, furnished room to let, 17s. 6d. p.w., including light, heat, cleaning, baths, etc. Progressive preferred. VIC. 5755.

VICTORIA. Unfurnished room, use bathroom, kitchen, self-contained flat. 18s. 6d. SPRUCE, 7 St. George's Road.

PERMANENT paying guest wanted in 1 person household. Exceptionally quiet, unspoilt surroundings; pleasant community life. "Elcot," Jordans, Beaconsfield.

PARLIAMENT HILL FIELDS. Very large unfurnished room to let. Not overlooked. Newly decorated, 15s. 6d. per week. Light included. 15 Boscastle Road, N.W.5. Gulliver 2135.

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ETON AVENUE, Swiss Cottage. Those interested in International Friendship, good food and hot baths, ring Pri. 6466. 2 *gns.* per week.

TO LET. Furnished room. Flat. Balcony. Electric light. Gentleman. Breakfast only. Gulliver 5096.

CENTRAL ROOMS (Holborn). Quiet, cultured surroundings. 10s. and 18s. Write BM/BCGX, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Divan bed-sitting rooms, h. and c., central heating, breakfast, use kitchen and dining room, quiet, from 23s. 6d. HAM. 3288. Write 21 Pond Street, N.W.3.

HIGHLY recommended Guest House. Single or double well-furnished rooms to let. No extras. Moderate terms. 115 Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage. Pri. 2396.

FURNISHED and unfurnished rooms in quiet pleasant house. Meals if required. 18s. 6d. to 32s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Homely Board Residence, June, July. 42s. Aug., 2½ *gns.* Ideal quiet holiday, overlooking sea. York House, 29 Cantelupe Road.

CHISWICK. Tenant leaving after 3 years recommends furnished rooms in charming old-world private house. Service, garden, mooring rights, near tennis, golf. Chiswick 0160.

REGENT'S PARK. 1 minute Baker Street. Quiet service rooms. Breakfast; baths; from 27s. 6d. Welbeck 8275.

COMFORTABLE Rooms and good food in attractive house in the Chilterns. Convenient for London and Oxford. Beacon Cottage, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Kingston Blount 219.

FURNISHED Studio Room, redecorated white. Permanency, £1. Use kitchen; charming garden. Private house. Primrose 6534; Saturday, Sunday.

CHELSEA. 36 Oakley St. Comfortable divan rooms from 27s. 6d. to 35s. per week, with breakfast, light and service. Flaxman 0276.

LARGE ROOM WANTED (or two medium), unfurnished, use of bath and gas ring—must have pleasant outlook and within few minutes' walk of Hampstead or Highgate Heath. Box 5462.

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LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

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CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few weeks.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Canney, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 27

purely athletic motives. Some of these make the preference by accident, others because they lack the qualities or the training which render football or cricket attractive. The speed champions necessarily possess that rapidity of judgment and perfection of balance which create a Cotton or a Budge or a Bradman. But in this country hundreds of motor-cycling clubs, unhonoured, unreported and unsung (except in their own special journals), devote their week-ends to a long programme of contests demanding endurance and brains and high qualities of balance and decision. Such lads staffed the Tank Corps in the last war, and will provide the Air Force with a reserve of splendid pilots if and when war returns.

The girls who ride on pillions form a special category. I, who am usually extremely uncomfortable when driven in somebody else's car, remain uncertain how to diagnose the pillion girl. Is her pastime a proof that most young females are devoid of imagination? She cannot in every case have verified the dependability of the juvenile male to whom she so prettily entrusts her personal safety. And this trust is abysmal, for the insurance companies, directed by their records and statistics, impose a stiff premium on pillion riding. The pillion girl is transparently unprotected in the event of a collision. There are no steel panels to shield her soft body; and a force akin to ballistics will project her violently through space if the machine be upset. Or is it rather a public testimonial to the power of love? Does she deem such risk a million times worth while, if only she can be with her Bill, away from gossiping neighbours, free from the supervision of parents? Privacy is a blessing largely denied to the artisan class; and the pillion is at least portable privacy.

Finally, there is one aspect of motor-cycling with which only the folk who fly can fully sympathise. Speed and acceleration under one's own control furnish one of the most thrilling physical sensations in life. The aeroplane supplies them at their zenith, but in a form accessible only to a select minority. The motor-cycle offers a reduced variant of these intense sensations to the man with a small purse; and to this fact it owes at least a fragment of its eternal popularity.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 487

Set by Anna Sewall

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for a parody on articles which might be written for the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by (1) G. W. Stonier on any subject; (2) Desmond MacCarthy on the theatre; (3) Y Y. on any subject; (4) V. Sackville-West on Country Notes; (5) David Garnett on Books in General.

No entry to exceed 300 words in length.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 7th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 485

Set by Critic

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best imaginary sayings of the day by famous people. Libel should be avoided by entrants who hope to win a prize. Examples given in Critic's London Diary included—

Mr. Bernard Shaw: By mistake I once swallowed a slug in a salad, and it has been on my conscience ever since.

Mr. Beverley Nichols: My daffodils dance on with broken hearts.

No entry to exceed 300 words in length.

Report by Critic

Who are the Great whose sayings competitors think it worth while to parody? The favourites were Godfrey Winn and Mr. Chamberlain and Beverley Nichols and Hitler and Dr. Frank Buchman and Lord Baldwin and Bernard Shaw and Goebbels and Dean Inge and Lady Astor. There were exceptions like the Devil, "Well, I'm blest" (Margaret Corke), and there was one admirable Damon Runyon, "Every up and coming young guy who wishes to hit the high spots in the writing racket should improve his style by reading Ruskin's 'Sez Me and Lilies'" (Alan Thomas), and a Prof. Freud, "A young man offers a girl a cigarette. Let us proceed to an analysis of the subconscious motives underlying this pregnant gesture" (I. C. Saul). There were a number of good Nuffields: "In giving this money for the endowment of the first concentration camp, I should like to stipulate that it be run on strictly British lines" (W. A. Rathkey), "I only wish I could have Mr. Chamberlain to run my works for me. I should trust him enough to let him get on with his job without criticism" (J. C. B. Date). "Boxing is just striving for reality" is attributed to Tommy Farr by M. Chisholm. Dr. Buchman scored heavily, but the best are: "My God—my business!" (A. M. Denton) and "I generally read my 'New Statesman' from cover to cover" (Charles Pugmire). H. P. Blunt began a long extract from a House Party Bulletin: "Though the Cambridge offer is undeniably attractive we are assured by guidance that God will provide more liberally for the maturer foundation. The still small voice reveals an unmistakable Oxford accent. Moreover, the God of commerce is notoriously a jealous god and the example of Lord Nuffield may prove cumulatively provocative." Cyan, who was runner-up for the second prize, makes Major Yeats-Brown say: "We should not allow our conventional surprise at certain practices prevalent in Germany to blind us to the fact that Herr Hitler is personally a charming fellow," while his Sir John Simon is particularly apt: "Under the compulsion of recent events the Government finds itself constrained to press on urgently towards collective security, so far as that can be achieved without undertaking new commitments in Europe or elsewhere." Norman Hamber also did well with "I am tired of being alone," by the Garbo, "I would give a car to every one of my employees if I thought they would appreciate it," by Lord Nuffield, and "Unless audiences learn to behave themselves properly I shall have to consider the possibility of barring the public from these performances," by Sir Thomas Beecham. The Editor of the *Times* came in for some gibes: "The eventual domination of the world by the Third Reich, although in many quarters regarded as unreasonable, must not be left out of account as a possible solution to the difficulties that beset our statesmen" (Arnold Hyde). The best of the Bernard Shaws were: "The man with an inferiority complex is as unfortunate as a Jew with German Measles" (Cassandra Rollin) and "The I.R.A. has merely blown up English bridges and such like; whereas I have exploded English fallacies. These are more concrete" (Arthur Bowen); while James Wilson picks a typical Noel Coward line in "Love is a much overrated pastime, but it never does to neglect it." The Lady Astors were almost all about beer: "A Government which has so many members who support or defend brewing interests can never be sober in its attitude to world affairs" (H. MacKay), "When people say things which are indiscreet and which have to be hushed up or denied, drink is at the root of it" (S. W. Green), while the latter competitor suggests that Godfrey Winn might write, "The idiot's mind is not a complete blank. He, too, and so does a dog, thinks, and loves, and tells us his experiences."

Very few competitors hit off as many as three really good ones; M. Cassel was an easy winner and M. Francelli gets the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE

A.P.H.: The once honoured label of Oxon is rapidly becoming a synonym for Cant.

Max: Wherefore am I included among the profits?

Noel Coward: I wish I knew what it was like to feel really young.

Victor Gollancz: And as this is really important I make no apology for underlining it 5 (FIVE) times.

Mrs. Chamberlain: Mr. Chamberlain is in many little ways just like an ordinary man.

Lady Astor: Why do beery-faced men always interrupt just when I have something to say?

Sir Hugh Walpole: I believe my first novel was considered promising.

Mr. Hore-Belisha: It is more glorious to die on the battlefield than on the road.

Godfrey Winn: Sunday morning comes fresh as a child's tears over a broken doll.

SECOND PRIZE

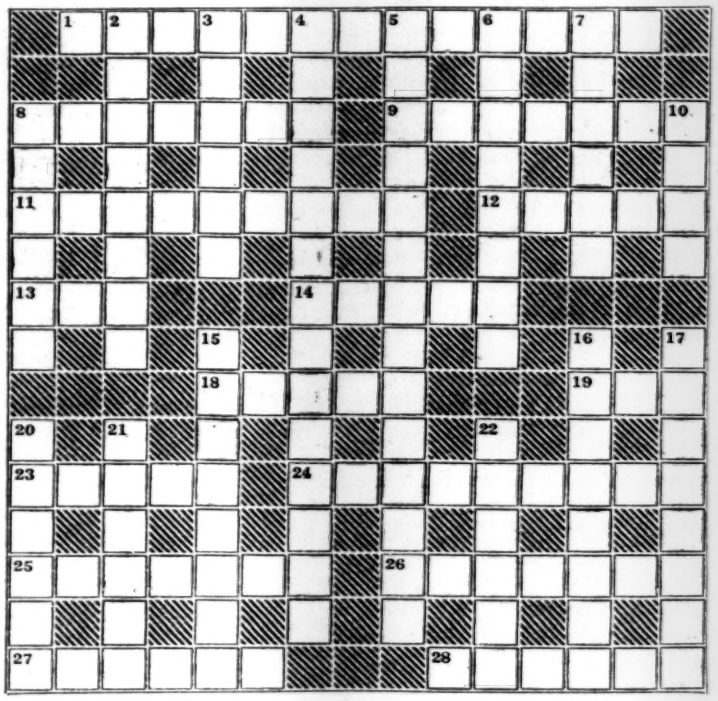
Sir Samuel Gluckstein (? at a board meeting of J. Lyons and Co.) Cadby Hall has been negotiating for some time with the Parks Committee, and in the event of sustained air-raid our usual refreshments will be obtainable from attendants during the intervals.

Bertrand Russell: My suspicion is that men can only really agree about what they are not interested in.

Groucho Marx: Seems illogical to love your neighbour and not his wife.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 486

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

P. Grindley, 8 South Marine Terrace, Aberystwyth

ACROSS

1. On paper representative. (13).
8. Pace for a liver shaker. (7).
9. Where nursery rhyme infants are cradled. (7).
11. Tin animal in Dickens. (9).
12. Heavenly butter. (5).
13. He finished up in breakneck fashion (3).
14. Often the cause of a rapid consumption. (5).
18. Unlawful executive procedure. (5).
19. It did for Frank. (3).
23. Why lick the inside? (5).
24 Stage version of Romany Romance. (9)
25. It can't be a tail wagger even when crossed. (7)
26. He's an 'ell of a fellow you see. (7)
27. It was the usual spread at schools. (6)
28. Princess who is as completely the reverse of dirt as could be. (6)

DOWN

2. Material that causes a musical instrument to peter out. (8)
3. Would the R.E. dare do it? (6)
4. "Of that old man I used to know . . . a——" (14)
5. The reverse of being in the ruddy ring? (14)
6. They would not at last be easy going fellows. (8)
7. It follows the north and west. (6)
8. Correct wear for bounders. (6)
10. Troublesome quarter of Budapest. (4)
15. Bird of ill omen to prisoner in the dock. (8)
16. She went under canvas. (8)
17. Concluded—with a fur lining? (8)
20. Where to see London's "water works." (6)
21. He makes the rough places smooth. (6)
22. How one gets through examinations. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	■	W	A	T	E	R	S	O	F	T	E	N	E	R
A	■	A	■	U	■	E	■	N	■	R	■	O	■	E
S	E	L	F	R	I	D	G	E	■	A	W	N	E	D
S	■	E	■	N	■	W	■	O	■	I	■	S	■	I
I	N	S	T	■	S	H	A	V	I	N	G	M	U	G
G	■	■	■	B	■	I	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	■
N	E	C	K	L	E	T	■	R	E	M	A	K	E	S
A	■	O	■	U	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	E	■	I
T	E	M	P	E	R	A	■	H	Y	S	T	R	I	X
■	■	P	■	B	■	N	■	E	■	H	■	■	■	S
F	A	L	L	O	W	D	E	E	R	■	P	A	L	I
F	■	A	■	T	■	B	■	I	■	E	■	B	■	D
U	N	I	A	T	■	L	I	G	H	T	S	O	M	E
L	■	N	■	L	■	U	■	H	■	N	■	U	■	D
B	U	T	T	E	R	E	D	T	O	A	S	T	■	■

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

TUTORIAL CLASSES COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the appointment of two Organising Tutors for Adult Education, to work in co-operation with the North Staffordshire District of the Workers' Educational Association. The appointments will be probationary for the first year and the commencing salary in each case £300 to £350 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Particulars and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary of the Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Last date for applications July 12th.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SUNDERLAND.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.
APPOINTMENT OF DIRECTOR.

The Council invite applications for the appointment of Director of the Public Libraries, Museum and Art Gallery at a salary at the rate of £700 per annum, advancing by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £750 per annum, such salary to be inclusive of payment for Sunday supervision, and subject to the usual deductions under the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The Person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and to devote the whole of his time to the duties of the position, and the appointment will be determinable by three months' notice on either side.

Conditions of appointment and form of application can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

Applications, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be addressed to the undersigned, endorsed on cover "Director, Public Libraries, Museum and Art Gallery," and delivered not later than first post on Wednesday, the 12th July next.

Canvassing, directly or indirectly, until after the first selection of candidates, will be a disqualification.

G. S. McINTIRE,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
SUNDERLAND.
19th June, 1939.

BIOLOGY and Geography Master wanted: no testimonials required. A. S. NEILL, Summerhill, Leiston, Suffolk.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 27

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

NEW ISSUE POINTS—OIL SHARES—SHIPPING DEADLOCK—A.P.D.

THE gilt-edged market was thrown into temporary gloom by the £7½ millions issue of L.C.C. 3½ per cent. stock 1954/9 at 96½. Certainly, the issue was made hot on the heels of the £3 millions Hertfordshire issue, but it was foolish of the market to pretend that the L.C.C. was not a good issue at a fair price. Dealings in the L.C.C. issue are expected to open at a discount, but in due course the loan will be well absorbed. In the past six weeks we have now had five important gilt-edged issues and the market expects another four or five home corporation loans before the new issue season closes. The stage is no doubt being set for a major Government funding operation in the autumn. The floating debt now exceeds a total of £1,055 millions which points to the necessity of funding a substantial volume of bills. In the following table will be found the issue prices of the recent gilt-edged issues, the highest prices touched when dealings began and the yields at present market prices:

Amount of Issue £ millions		Issue Price	Highest Price	Present Price	Gross Yield % Flat	Redemption Adjusted
5	South Africa 3½%, 1954/59 ...	96½	1 5/16 prem.	⅜ dis.	£3 12 9	£3 17 0
2½	Northern Ireland 3½%, 1950/54 ...	98½	⅝ prem.	½ prem.	£3 15 9	£3 17 9 (in say 12 years' average)
6	Australia 4%, 1961/64	98½	1 dis.	2½ dis.	£4 3 0	£4 6 0
3	Hertfordshire 3½%, 1954/59 ...	96½	31/32 prem.	Par	£3 12 6	£3 16 3

I am not bullish of the gilt-edged market, but investors will probably find the new L.C.C. loan an attractive exchange from other 3½ per cent. Corporation loans if dealings open at a discount.

* * *

The fall in the gilt-edged market on Tuesday, when the L.C.C. loan was announced, brought back industrial markets as well. There were no redeeming features and a few weak spots were disclosed. Oil shares continued to fall away. Lord Cadman, following in the steps of Lord Bearsted, held out little prospect to his shareholders of better results for 1939. So far this year oil prices have been lower than in the same period of 1938 and unless consumption increases earnings will suffer. It is too early to forecast oil dividends, but with the exception of Burmah Oil, which will receive a lower investment income this year, there is no need to anticipate much change. In fact, the fall in oil share prices has, I think, discounted the situation for the moment. I do not suggest that purchases should yet be made, but current yields should now be high enough to discourage selling.

	Present Price	1938 Earnings	Estimated Dividend %	Gross Yield %
Anglo-Iranian	3-17/32	22.8	20	£5 13 3
Burmah Oil	3-15/32	22.4	20†	*6 9 6
Shell Transport and Trading	4⅛	20.1	20 net	6 13 9

* Equivalent gross, after allowing for Dominion income tax relief.
† Last year's dividend was 21 per cent.

Railway traffics maintain their rising trend and the market is now confidently estimating a full dividend on the L.M.S. 1923 preference stock and earnings of 3½ per cent. to 4 per cent. on Great Western ordinary. But not even a weekly rise in traffics brings any activity to the railway market. Business on the Stock Exchange came this week practically to a standstill and it seems only a matter of time before the small jobbers and brokers are forced to close down or amalgamate. No one, of course, will have any sympathy for the City as a distressed area. On the Stock Exchange itself the larger firms will, no doubt, be delighted to see the smaller ones extinguished.

* * *

Tramp shipping shares have been a weak market—partly on the dismal outlook for international commerce in a world visibly drifting towards general war, and partly on reports of dissension between the Board of Trade and the Treasury as to the application of the promised assistance scheme. The crux of the matter is the extent to which shipowners are to be relieved by the State of the obligation to finance the construction of the new cargo tonnage which they were encouraged by the Government to order as a contribution to the national defence programme. About 150 vessels were provisionally ordered in April, but few keels have been laid down pending further details (still undisclosed) of the subsidy-*cum*-loans scheme. So far as the building subsidy itself is concerned, the shipowners are understood to be pressing for 80*s*. per ton, as compared with an offer by the Board of Trade of 50*s*. per ton. Even more emphatically, however, they are arguing that under existing circumstances there is no commercial *raison d'être* for new cargo tonnage, and that if the Government wants more general trading vessels as an insurance against possible submarine attacks it must lend—out of the promised £10 million fund—the whole of the capital required for the construction of the 700,000 tons for which contingent contracts have been placed. Mr. Stanley, it is believed, is sympathetic towards the shipowners' standpoint, or realises at all events that private enterprise in shipping cannot be compelled against its will to increase its capital investment. Sir John Simon, however, has so far declined to depart from the Treasury view, which is that the loan fund was intended to "assist," and that a substantial part of the financing required must be arranged by the shipping companies themselves. My bet is that the Treasury will have to give way in the shipowners' favour.

* * *

The Senate's revolt against President Roosevelt on the Monetary Bill has had disturbing consequences in the silver and foreign exchange markets. On Monday, Senator Adams secured the passage of three important amendments. The first enacted that the Treasury's buying price for domestic silver should be raised from 64.6 to 77.4 cents per ounce. The second annulled the Administration's present power under the 1934 Silver Act to purchase foreign silver. The third deleted from the Bill the clause extending until June, 1941, the President's power to devalue the dollar, at his discretion, to 50 per cent. of its former gold value—i.e., to raise the price of gold to just over $41 per ounce, as compared with $35 at present. The consequences were two-fold. First, the Treasury on Tuesday cut its buying price for foreign silver from 43 to 40 cents per ounce—a move designed presumably both to "appease" the mutinous Silver Bloc in the Senate and to remind President Cardenas that Mexico depends on sales of silver as well as of oil. Secondly, in the foreign exchange market there was heavy selling of dollars and a rush to hoard gold—an apparently illogical development whose origin lay in rumours that the President would retaliate against the Senate by exercising forthwith his present powers (due to expire on June 30th) to devalue the dollar. These rumours, emphatically denied by the President, were fantastic: it is extremely unlikely that America would dream of tearing up the Tripartite Agreement and starting a fresh competition in currency depreciation between dollar, pound and franc. Indeed, by Wednesday the Exchange scare had practically died down, but the further cut to 38½ cents in the buying price for foreign silver accentuated the world market confusion.

* * * *

The Chancellor's defence of A.P.D. in Parliament on Monday was perfunctory and unconvincing. The case which he made for the tax was that it would act as a supplementary check on profiteering—reinforcing the efficiency of the Government's contracting system. That is, in the event of profits expanding despite limitation at source through costings inspection, A.P.D. will glean (gross) 60 per cent. of the "excess" growth. The weakness of this claim is that the tax will be cumbersome to administer, full of loop-holes and unjust in its incidence. For the revenue authorities the task of disentangling armaments output from civil contracts in the case of "mixed" firms will be a nightmare. Even if, as seems unlikely, the tax is not "passed on" in the form of higher prices, there appears to be ample scope for evasion through the establishment of numerous small subsidiary companies. Imposed, as it is, not on all armaments profits but on accretions beyond an arbitrary standard, the levy will hit expanding firms but will leave unscathed immense profits earned from Defence contracts by undertakings—e.g., Imperial Chemicals—whose munitions business was large in 1937. In fact, A.P.D. is a bad tax framed as a piece of political eyewash to convince the electorate that the "merchants of death" are being mulcted as an offset to enforced drilling by militia men. The truth is that in a period when the Government is spending £600 millions yearly on defence, the whole earning capacity of industry and commerce depends essentially on armament contracts. Differential tax treatment is illogical and inequitable. The man whose public-house is near a training camp is just as much a beneficiary from rearmament as the man who makes the trainees' rifles.

Company Meeting

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

THE RT. HON. LORD CADMAN'S ADDRESS

THE Thirtieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Ltd., was held on Monday, in London.

The Right Hon. Lord Cadman, G.C.M.G., D.Sc., LL.D. (the chairman), said (in part): The profit for 1938 amounted to £6,109,477, a figure which has permitted us to recommend a final dividend of 15 per cent., making 20 per cent. for the year. In the circumstances of the period under review, I think you will agree that this result is satisfactory. The Board would have been glad to repeat the cash bonus which has been distributed in each of the past two years, but it could not, unfortunately, be justified on the financial results.

With regard to our operations, net production of crude oil from our fields in Iran amounted to 10,195,000 tons. We received 1,229,000 tons of crude from the Iraq Petroleum Company and produced 132,000 tons from our own field at Naft Khaneh, in Iraq. Aggregate production and receipts amounted, therefore, to 11,556,000 tons.

The phases in the life of any individual oilfield—discovery, development, exploitation and decline—make it essential that further reserves in the form of new fields should be at hand. We are fortunately placed in this respect. Gach Saran, which I mentioned as a new discovery two years ago, is in the early stages of development. Drilling to define the extent of the field has continued actively throughout the year. Two wells have been drilled at Lali, 20 miles north-west of Masjid-i-Sulaiman, and have produced large quantities of gas and a little oil. Drilling is continuing here and also on the Agha Jari-Pazanun structure, where, in addition to high-pressure gas, crude oil was struck at 8,810 ft. in the Agha Jari section. This discovery, in conjunction with other facts, suggests that the field may be of major importance.

Although the capacity of Abadan refinery is being increased—another large distillation unit and two cracking plants are now almost complete—a considerable part of the present large constructional programme has been concerned with the newer types of plant. The surveys which I mentioned last year have been successful in finding a suitable site for a refinery and port near Bandar Mashur on the Khor Musa waterway. We have received permission from the Iranian Government to acquire the site, and plans for development are being prepared. The pipeline route from Gach Saran to Abadan passes close to the head of the Khor Musa. The line, therefore, will be able to serve the dual purpose of ensuring continuity of supplies to Abadan and of bringing crude to the projected refinery at Bandar Mashur.

OPERATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN

We have constantly applied a policy of scientific investigation to the search for oil in England. We have, of course, had disappointments and failures; but, on June 7th, prospects took a much more favourable turn as a result of a strike of oil in a well which we were drilling at Eakring, in Nottinghamshire. The oil was encountered at 1,914 ft. in a sandstone in the lower coal measures. The structure is an anticline of good size and closure. A production test is now in progress. That the result may be satisfactory and that we may have found oil of importance in Great Britain is, I am sure, the wish of us all.

The outlook for our other operations in Great Britain, those of the Scottish shale oil industry, has been improved by the guarantee for 12 years of a preference on home-produced light oils and road fuel oils.

On the marketing side of the industry, prices of products were generally on a somewhat lower level than in 1937. A cause of this decline was to be found in the economic recession in the United States and in the accumulation of excessive stocks of motor spirit and fuel oil in that country. The effect of those factors was aggravated by more widespread dislocations. It is common knowledge that, during 1937, all Governments were taking precautions against emergencies by creating stocks of petroleum products. These special purchases caused a temporary increase in offtake of crude and products, but the international uneasiness which gave rise to them was acting, meanwhile, as a brake on industrial activities throughout the world. In consequence, sales of oil products in commercial markets were diminishing. We gained, however, more than our proportionate share of the increase in 1937 and we succeeded in maintaining the volume of our sales in 1938. I think you will agree that this result is a matter for satisfaction.

I returned a little over a fortnight ago from a visit to Tehran, where I was able to discuss some of the problems connected with our industry which were exercising the mind of that great ruler, H.I.M. The Shah. No one who has come into contact with His Majesty could fail to be stimulated by the vigour of his personality or to realise that he is the motive force of the progress which is taking place in Iran.

PROSPECTS

In the circumstances of to-day, the possibility of maintaining the volume of our sales during the remainder of the current year, and at what prices, are questions on which no one can speak with certainty. So far this year prices are lower than they were for the same period of 1938. We all hope, however, that international and market conditions will improve. If they do we are fully equipped to meet increased demands and to derive whatever benefit the level of prices will allow.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Company Meeting

THE NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND LTD.

THE Sixty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the Bank was held in London on Thursday last. Lord Balfour of Burleigh (Chairman), presiding, dealt first with the balance-sheet and said:

The Profit and Loss Account shows a net profit of £106,524, or £797 more than last year, which, in view of all the difficulties of the year, we consider satisfactory.

The Chairman then dealt with the Banking returns and the trading position for the year ending March 31st, 1939, saying that the result was a sterling figure of excess exports of £2,758,000, and that the amount of sterling required to pay interest alone in London on Government and Local Loans exceeded £6,000,000, to which must be added another £1,000,000 in respect of private interest payments. He described the imposition of Exchange Control on December 7th, 1938, the outstanding event of the year, saying:

When it was first introduced we hoped that it would lead to an alleviation of the position sufficient to enable the stirling balances to be so far built up as to leave no doubt of the successful conversion of the 1940 maturity. Unfortunately our hopes have been disappointed.

It is regrettable to find that licences and permits have been granted substantially in excess of the funds likely to be available in the next few months. It is essential that if the exchange position is not alleviated in some way in the near future, the Government should decide upon a list of priorities and indicate clearly to the trading Banks the lines upon which they must act in any rationing of exchange which may be necessary.

As you are aware, Mr. Nash, the New Zealand Minister of Finance, is at present in London on a brief visit. One of the matters which is no doubt receiving the attention which it merits is the maturity on January 1st, 1940, of the 3½ per cent. New Zealand Government Loan of £17,000,000. It is for Mr. Nash, in collaboration with the authorities here, to devise such terms of renewal as will be sufficiently attractive to ensure acceptance. However difficult the present moment may be, those who are negotiating with him will remember that an attitude of sympathy and generosity now will do far more than rescue the New Zealand Government from difficulties which are largely of their own making; it will save further losses and unemployment in British firms which export to the Dominion, it will provide the security of which the British investor in New Zealand is in need, and it will strengthen, in a way which everyone of us desires, the ties that bind together the components of the Empire. The report was unanimously adopted.

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